Middlebury

COLLEGE NEWS LETTER PARENTS' EDITION SPRING, 1973

Around the Hill

Rooting for Syrup

If there's a new nightlight on the lower campus next winter, it's because so many small farmers are selling out and taking jobs in town. The Warner greenhouse will be aglow every evening and early morning from fall until spring, in an effort to keep sugar-maple cuttings awake and growing through the winter.

Maple sugar making is gradually shifting from a cottage industry to a "plantation industry," as the number of small farms in Vermont continues to decrease. The plantation operators will require specially planted "syrup orchards"—high-yield sugar maples combining fast rooting and growth, rapid sap flow, and high sugar content. These qualities vary from tree to tree and unfortunately the techniques of reproducing a superior stock by rooting cuttings from the best trees has not yet been developed. The very best results to date show 50% of the cuttings surviving the first year, and this 50% success is too low to be commercially feasible.

Prof. Michael Greenwood

A Middlebury biologist, Prof. Michael Greenwood, will begin, in a few weeks, an investigation into how those results can be improved: he will be looking for ways to help twig cuttings produce stronger roots, faster, and to help rooted cuttings survive their first winter. The one-year project will be sponsored jointly by the College and the Northeast Forest Experiment Station (of the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture) in Burlington, which will provide a full-time technician to assist the Middlebury professor.

Some of the questions Greenwood will be trying to answer will be: Are there optimum times of year for taking cuttings? Are there better ways to treat the cutting (chemically and/or mechanically)? To what degree does the amount of auxin in the cutting (a class of compounds known to enhance rooting) correlate with root growth rate? Are there mechanical factors inhibiting rootlet growth, such as a too-heavy layer of bark?

The problem of winter survival may be that a 10-inch cutting lacks sufficient stored energy (starch) to leaf out after its first winter. By maintaining July temperatures, light levels, and length of day, can cuttings be induced to hold their leaves and continue growing through the winter months? Nurserymen push evergreen seedlings under these greenhouse conditions and it's been attempted with some success with a few hardwoods, but it's never been done with maples. Greenwood will be trying this in the Warner greenhouse next winter.

Yes, Virginia, Spring *Can* be Far Behind

Steve Young '60, director of the Center for Northern Studies, in Wolcott, Vt. (whose "Tracking Migrant Flora from Pole to Pole," appeared in these pages, Winter '72), offers some provocative statistics on Vermont's climate. Although Wolcott, Vermont is closer to the equator than to the North Pole, Dr. Young writes in the Center's quarterly newsletter, its climate is colder than in many parts of Alaska. "Northeastern North America and parts of Manchuria have by far the coldest climate of any part of the world at these latitudes," he notes. Because of "the cold Labrador Current to the east and the even colder Hudson Bay to the northwest, the areas of the world with a climate most similar to ours lie far to the north—for example, Anchorage and Leningrad, both nearly 1,000 miles north of Vermont. Our climate is actually colder than parts of Norway north of the arctic circle."

Higher elevations of northern Vermont, he observes, are part of the subarctic, which geographers define as any area whose mean temperature is below freezing for at least one month and above 50°F. for not more than four months, each year. Only in June, July, August, and September is Wolcott's mean temperature above 50° and it's below freezing in December through March. (In January it's 13.6° F.). Lower elevations, including Middlebury and other areas in the Champlain Valley, are just outside the subarctic because their May mean temperatures are above 50 (Burlington 54, Cornwall 57); but don't tell that to local gardeners who gamble against killing frosts until June 1st each year.

New Eye on the Stars

Nearly two years ago these pages reported the ascendancy of astronomy in student interest and the refurbishing of the College's small observatory, north of Pearson Hall. Astronomy continues bullish at Middlebury—60 students are enrolled this term—and the observatory now has a new viewing instrument. The veteran 12-inch Newtonian telescope was replaced last fall with a 10-inch Schmidt-Cassagrain instrument affording better resolution, better image quality, and much better training and tracking capabilities. On a good viewing night, the 10-incher reveals 11th-magnitude stars for direct viewing and can reach 13th magnitude stars for time-exposure camera work. Through its eyepiece the apparent size of Jupiter is that of a Ping-Pong ball held at arm's length. Jupiter's four principal moons can be readily seen as can also those of Saturn. Outside of viewing hours

IN THIS ISSUE

COVER: *The snow is gone at last from Porter Field;*
The air comes soft, the sun is warm:
Though winds yet shake the darling buds of May,
The boys of summer strive for August's form.

AROUND THE HILL 1

THE REMARKABLE LIFE OF 'A POOR, HELL-DESERVING SINNER'
—Master of Arts 1804 Gregor Hileman 4

BOB PACK ON WRITING POETRY Laurence B. Chase 12

ALUMNI NEWS 17-32

SCHOLARS ON THEIR OWN Laura Reinertsen '73 & the Editor 33

SNOW SCULPTURES 37

THE UNDERGRADUATE CHAIR Karl Anderson '74 40

MIDDLEBURY BOOKS 41

WINTER SPORTS Max Petersen 43

HEINECKEN TO COACH PANTHER GRIDDERS 48

FOOTNOTES ON AN UNDEFEATED SEASON Cover III

CREDITS: Gregor Hileman—pp. 3, 5-11, 33-36 except 35 left, 37-39, 40, Covers I and IV. Max Petersen—pp. 43-47, Cover III. Erik Borg '67—pp. 13-16.

Middlebury
COLLEGE NEWS LETTER PARENTS' EDITION 32 pages

VOL. 47, NO. 3
SPRING, 1973

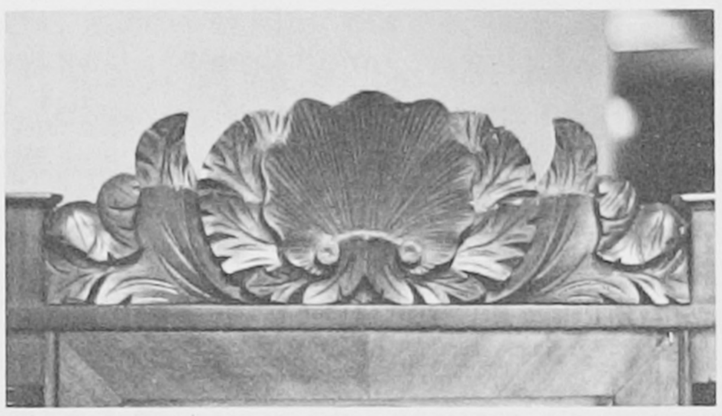
EDITOR: Gregor Hileman. EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD: Jack Bates '42, Ray Bosworth '29, Walter Brooker '37, Marilyn Bruhn '47, Paul Cubeta, George Huban, David Littlefield, Howard Munford '34, Dennis O'Brien, Gordon Perine '49, Kimberly Sparks, A. Richard Turner.

The Middlebury College News Letter is published quarterly in Autumn, Winter, Spring, and Summer by Middlebury College. Editorial office is room 42, Old Chapel, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. Second-class postage paid at Middlebury, Vt.

The Middlebury College News Letter is mailed without charge to all alumni. A parents edition, without alumni news, is mailed without charge to all parents of students and recent graduates. Every alumnus is asked to inform the Alumni Office of his change of address and of any news concerning himself or another alumnus.

may not happen for a decade or for another century, but it's going to happen!" He strongly recommended that the nation prepare contingency plans for the emergency rather than shrug it off fatalistically as many Californians are doing. In a report to the U.S. Embassy he also suggested some valuable ways in which the United States might aid this effort.

Coney was invited to lecture in Ecuador under the Fulbright-Hays educational and cultural exchange program. Mrs. Coney and their two children accompanied him.



Spring Showings of *Cose Nostre*

"Middlebury Collects," the exhibition of alumni and parent art holdings announced in the Fall '71 News Letter, will open on May 19th in the Johnson Gallery and end on June 7th. The 50-some works displayed will include oils, watercolors, prints, sculpture, pottery and porcelains, tapestries, and objets d'art from many cultures, periods, and climes. "The two criteria," says Art Prof. Turner, "are diversity and quality." Nineteenth-century French impressionists; American abstract impressionists; Oriental jades, paintings, vases, and prints; African and New Guinea carvings, and much else will be represented. An illustrated catalog of the show is being prepared. Throughout the same weeks, two other exhibits will also be at the Johnson Building. On the front lawn of the music and art center will be displayed new sculptures by Jane Armstrong '43 (see Alumni News). And in the great hall will be hung the annual spring exhibit of art by Middlebury's undergraduates.

Scanning for Salvage

If several Middlebury students are observed, this month, carefully picking through a small mountain of garbage, it's not because federal funding of student aid has been slashed; they're working for science.

Each man, woman, and child in America is now producing an average of 5 pounds of solid waste—paper, garbage, bottles, and cans—a day. For a city of a million people (New Orleans or San Jose) this comes to better than 100 tons an hour, every hour. Visitors to the top of Boston's Prudential building see barges of rubbish being burned just outside the harbor each evening. As cities are rapidly using up their landfill capacities, rubbish-disposal costs are mounting even faster than the volume of garbage.

Most prototype automated refuse-recycling systems now operating shred, pulp, or incinerate everything before sorting. A research project funded by the Environmental Protection Agency and coordinated from MIT is trying to devise techniques for sorting without shredding or grinding, which is inefficient and reduces the value of salvaged materials. As one part of this investigation, Middlebury's Prof. Frank Winkler, who worked on the project at MIT in the summer of 1970, is trying to devise a technique for differentiating rubbish substances by optical scanning in the infrared frequencies. Each category of refuse material—cellulose, plastic, glass, metal, etc.—has a characteristic "signature" when infrared light is reflected from its surface. By scanning in a few critical wavelengths and running the signals through a rather low-brow computer, it may be possible to apply this fact to the control of an automated rubbish separator that can sort tons of refuse per hour.

Assisted by Peter Goodwin '73, whose senior thesis is on this problem, Prof. Winkler has bread-boarded an infrared scanning setup in his Science Center laboratory, where he is trying to develop and de-bug a practical rubbish scanner. Others contributing to the project are Roger Bowman '74 and Joan Grette '74. They have already discovered that the angle of incidence (of the infrared beam striking the refuse sample) is critical and have fabricated a special diffusing mirror for reflecting radiation from the rubbish sample to the detector. Detector output, when amplified, is fed to a voltmeter or to an oscilloscope for readout.

Prof. Frank Winkler

The precise "mix" and the physical properties (size, weight) of substances in household rubbish will not only determine how much of commercial value can be salvaged, but also affect the design of the scanner-separator. For example, approximately 10% of rubbish is metal and about 50% is some form of paper (newsprint, cartons, pasteboard, etc.), only part of which is salvageable; the rest can only be composted. To determine these several parameters with greater precision, the investigators will take delivery, this spring, of a truckload of refuse from a local garbage collector and with the help of dedicated and/or small-nosed students, will carefully sort, measure, weigh, and record it.

Two Midd Organists Tops in State

Two of Prof. Emory Fanning's organ students finished one and two in a state-wide competition in March sponsored by the Vermont Chapter of the American Guild of Organists. Student organists from Vermont's colleges and universities performed on the new Gress-Miles organ in Mead Chapel.

First-place honors went to Richard Hill '75, a music major from Binghamton, who thus became Vermont's representative in the regional competition scheduled this summer at Colby College. Dick played the Bach Prelude and Fugue in E minor. Second place was awarded to Kathy Wonson '73 of Beverly, Mass., who performed the finale from Symphony No. 6 by Louis Vierne. □

booked by students for their course projects, students are also signing up for individual viewing. With five dozen students in the course, there are few clear evenings when the new telescope is not in use.

Chet Clemens Dies

Chester H. Clemens '33, a charter trustee of the College, suffered a fatal heart attack on February 6th in his Shoreham, Vermont home. Mr. Clemens has served as a Middlebury trustee since 1966 and was an active member of the 175th Anniversary Council.

A vice president and member of the executive committee of Loomis-Sayles, investment counsel, in Boston, Chet and his wife, Eleanor '32, have been living in Hingham, Mass., in an 18th-century grist mill they had restored, but in recent years have been renovating the distinguished old Doolittle place in Shoreham as a retirement home. Their children are Virginia '68, who is married to William Bryant '65 and living in Ithaca, and Timothy, a Middlebury senior.

Chet was a considerate, soft-spoken gentleman who quickly earned the respect and affection of everyone who knew him. He had been one of the most loyal and hard-working alumni of this College since the day he graduated.

President of the Washington District Alumni 1940-41, and class secretary and class Fund chairman, '41-'42, Chet had also served as president of the Boston Alumni Club 1963-64, Challenge Fund Chairman for Greater Boston, member of the Alumni Council for many years, and many-times representative of the College to other colleges and universities.

Mr. Clemens was a security analyst in Baltimore for six years and then entered the Navy, from which he was discharged in 1945 with the rank of Lt. Commander. For the next 12 years he served with Keystone Custodian Funds in Boston before moving to Loomis-Sayles in 1958.

He enjoyed woodworking and collecting antique hand tools; he was also an enthusiast of old mills. He took a dilapidated mill site in South Hingham and, restoring the foundation, mill race, and pond, rebuilt the

Chester Clemens '33

mill as a gracious home. He was drawn to the Doolittle farm in Shoreham by the fact that the first saw and grist mill in the town had been astride the Prickly Ash Brook on the property. The Federal brick house, itself, was one of the oldest and most imposing in Shoreham and under the Clemens's loving hands has now been magnificently restored.

Black Center Dedicated

At the beginning of Black Week, Feb. 13-18, the Black Students for Mutual Understanding dedicated the Black Cultural Center (in the Adirondack House) to the late John Coltrane, tenor saxophonist, and held an open house to show how far the group has progressed since September in painting and refurbishing the 13-room facility. The large hall on the first floor, once Willard Lounge where faculty meetings were held from 1963-70, was packed with students and faculty members during the brief ceremony.

John Coltrane played in the bands of Dizzy Gillespie and Johnny Hodges, among others, and in the Miles Davis quintet, before entering his most creative period which began with his association with Thelonius Monk in 1957. Coltrane died at 41 in 1967.

Throughout the rest of Black Week, the BSMU sponsored black movies, a dinner of soul food in the dining halls, drama and dance productions, seminars, exhibits, games, lectures and religious services.

¿ El Terremoto en Quito?

Peter Coney spent January and half of February in the "perfect" climate of Quito, Ecuador—returning with a glorious tan (Quito's at 10,000 feet) and freshly burnished Spanish. At Quito's Escuela Politecnica Nacional—the MIT of Ecuador—Geology Prof. Coney lectured 2 hours daily for 4 weeks on plate tectonics ("The Power that Makes Mountains," Winter '73). He then took his class—students and faculty—on a two-week field trip from the coast across the Andes and eastward to the Amazon jungles, examining the application of plate tectonic theory to the geology of the country. As a result of long discussions with members of the faculty on the implications of plate tectonics for geological education at the college, the department is radically updating its curriculum. Coney says the school maintains strict entrance requirements, the students are well-trained in basic science, and a lot of solid scholarly work is being done, there . . . due in no small measure, he adds, to the chairman of the Geology program, Tom Feininger '56, who majored in geology under Professor-emeritus Bruno Schmidt.

On this field trip Coney and his Ecuadoran confreres found persuasive evidence to support new conclusions about the geology of the area, which findings will be jointly published, in time. They believe they have evidence that the western third of the country was once ocean floor and that the deep trench (where the South America plate is overriding the Pacific plate to the west) which now lies in the ocean bottom offshore—once lay along the western edge of the present Andes.

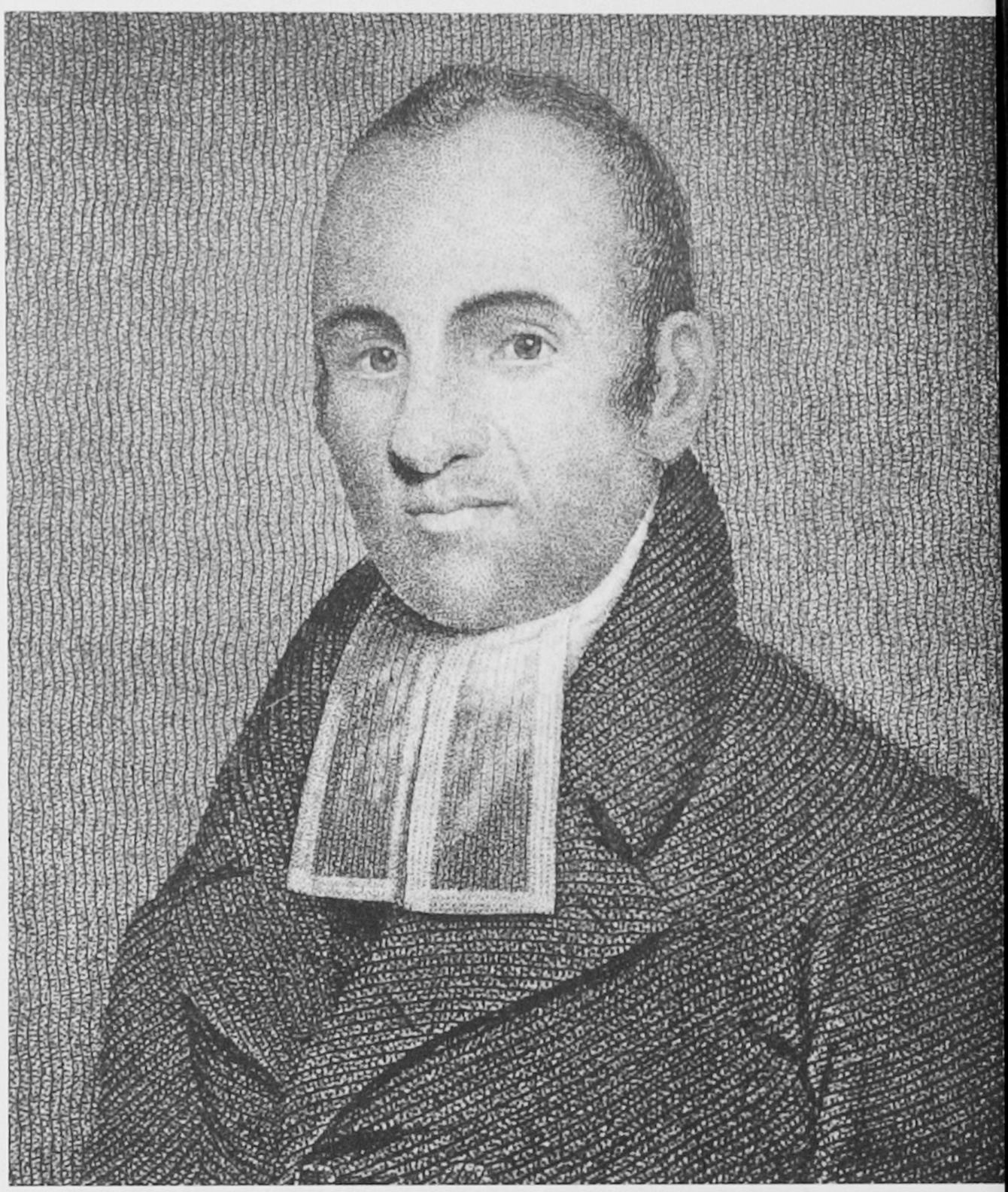
"There's not the slightest question," Coney said during a TV interview in Quito, "that major destructive quakes will someday occur in Ecuador. Soon after the Spanish arrived, Quito had a series of quakes but there have been none of any consequence for 200 years. The spring may be tightening every year and eventually will release. It

... in which a black,
illegitimate orphan, tugging
at his own bootstraps, parlays
a keen memory, a sharp wit,
quiet courage, and hard work
into conspicuous success
as a New England clergyman
on a white frontier.

But frontier or not, Haynes had a hard row to hoe. With guts and pride he earned respect first as an able and hard-working farmer and as a willing patriot in the Continental Army, before he aspired to a public role in ministerial robe. His achievements were those of a legitimate "culture hero" and after surviving for 140 years as a footnote in black history, they seem now about to regain the wider recognition they deserve.

Lemuel Haynes was born in West Hartford on July 18, 1753. His unwed or widowed, white mother is thought to have been of a family prominent for three centuries in Hartford; his father was a full-blooded black.[3] As her term approached, the lady apparently retired to the West Hartford home of a friend, John Haynes, where the infant was born and the story given out that it was the child of a servant in the Haynes household named Lucy (or Alice) Fitch. The infant is said to have been named "Haynes" by its mother in a fit of pique with her host.

After this inauspicious beginning, infant Lemuel's fortunes soon picked up and, in fact, rose steadily for the next 60 years. At the start of the New Year, the five-month-old baby was indentured until his 21st birthday as a servant to David Rose, one of the first settlers of Granville, Massachusetts. As Granville—in the hill country west of Springfield and just north of the Connecticut line—was being settled at that time by families from Durham, Connecticut, it's possible that the infant was "handed off" to the emigrants as they moved through Hartford. Builder of the first frame house in Granville and a deacon of its first church, David Rose seems to have been a devout, hard-working man. In his household Lemuel would grow to manhood both as a servant and as a full member of the family. Mrs. Rose loved the boy as her son, although



Lemuel Haynes

she had other children; both foster parents encouraged his study of their few books, and Lemuel attended common school in the village with the other children (as stipulated in his indenture bond). Before breakfast and after supper, he studied a spelling book and psalter by firelight in the corner of the cavernous kitchen fireplace. By the age of ten, he was hiring out to a neighboring farmer as a plowboy and while still an adolescent was sent by his master to purchase horses for the farm. (This speaks well for Lemuel's intelligence and self-confidence: you did not send a weak ego to dicker with horsetraders.) The respect in which Haynes held his foster father is suggested by the entry in the Rutland City records for 1799 showing that his then only

3. This family, whose prominent members have been merchants and bankers, is reported to be so jealous of its name that as recently as 1928 it was still trying to suppress publication of Lemuel's mother's peccadillo. It is also related that when Lemuel was a boy he tried to meet his natural mother when she was visiting in a neighboring town, only to observe her slipping out the back way to avoid the interview.

The Remarkable Life of a *'Poor, Hell-Deserving Sinner'*

—Master of Arts, 1804

By the Editor

> "When men are made to believe that true dignity consists in outward parade and pompous titles, they forget the thing itself, and the greater part of the community view the other as unattainable; they look up to others as above them, and forget to think for themselves, nor retain their own importance in the scale of being. Hence, under a monarchal government, people are commonly ignorant; they know but little more than to bow to despots, and crouch to them for a piece of bread.
>
> "The propriety of this idea will appear strikingly evident by pointing you to the poor Africans among us. What has reduced them to their present pitiful, abject state? Is it any distinction that the God of nature hath made in their formation? Nay—but being subjected to slavery, by the cruel hands of oppressors they have been forced to view themselves as a rank of beings far below others, which has suppressed, in a degree, every principle of manhood, and so they become despised, ignorant, and licentious. This shows the effects of despotism, and should fill us with the utmost detestation against every attack on the rights of men."
>
> —Rev. Lemuel Haynes, July 4th, 1801, at Rutland.

When these lines were spoken, the worst decades of American slavery lay still ahead. Whitney's cotton gin was being pirated throughout the South and "the peculiar institution" whose large-scale feasibility rested on cotton would soon drop its courtly mask and reveal a cold-eyed Dracula.

The speaker could view his subject from a unique vantage point: his own life was a perfect case history for the nurturist position in the nature vs. nurture controversy: Unlike the other mulatto babies born in 1753, Lemuel Haynes had been reared in the free environment of a loving and supportive home in which his spirits could find room and light to blossom. His own ego was strong, his abilities were well-suited to his profession, and his success was conspicuous. If the comment that Haynes was "a white man in a black skin" [1] has some validity, so does the judgment that he "was the only man of *known* African descent who has ever succeeded in overpowering the system of American caste." [2]

As an outward sign of this accomplishment, Haynes was almost certainly the first black to be awarded a degree (earned *or* honorary) by a college or university in North America (Honorary AM, 1804, Middlebury College).

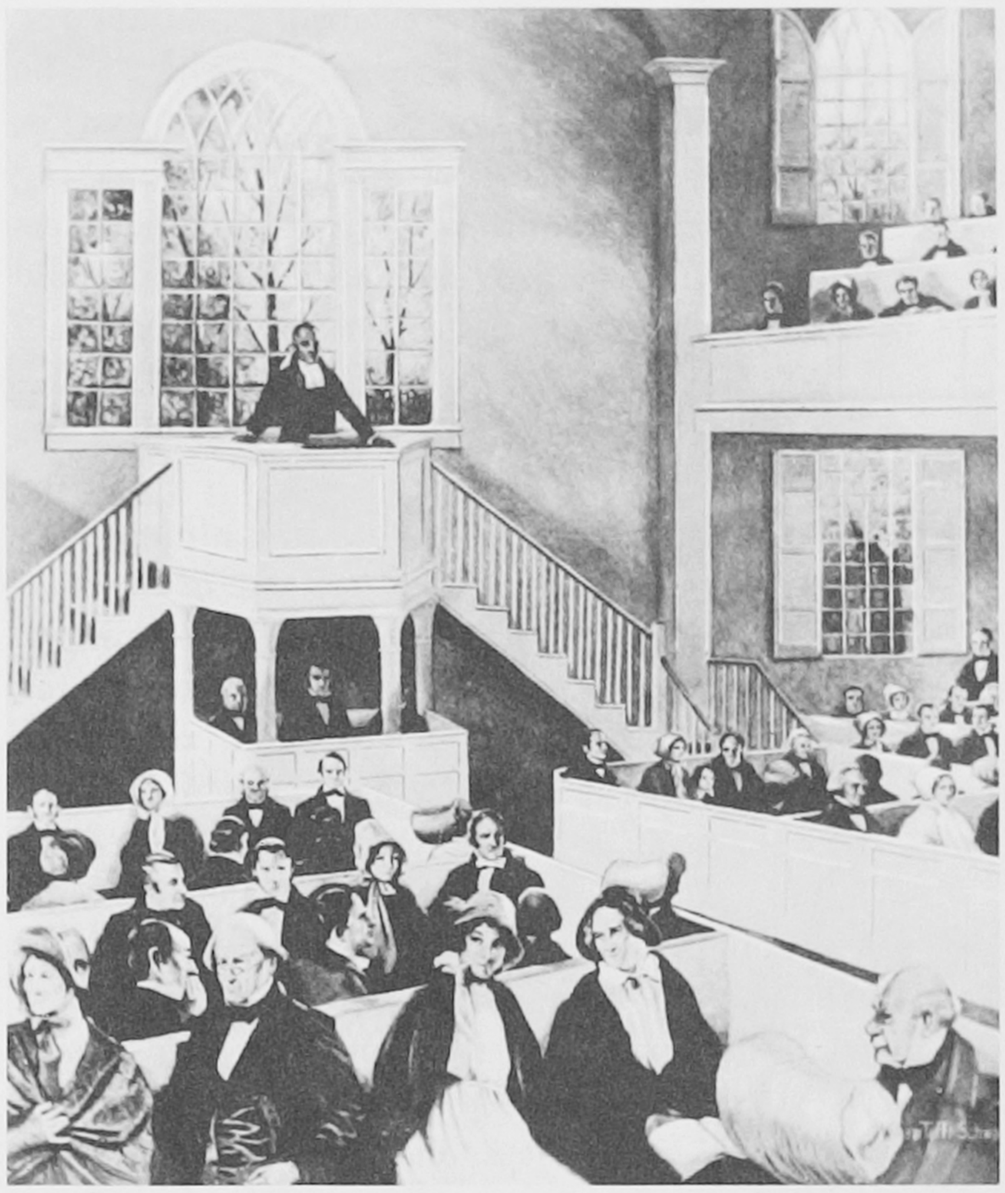
His success and recognition were won in the face of a common knowledge of his illegitimate birth; that he was accepted as religious mentor and reprover by the settlers on the New England frontier suggests that Grundyism may be more an expression of bourgeois, than of sectarian, values.

The first black in America to serve as pastor to a white congregation and the first to be ordained, Haynes was not only, throughout his lifetime, white New England's only black clergyman, but also one of its most respected. By the fervor of his dedication to God and to his parishioners, by the force of his personality, and by the exceptional strengths of his mind and spirit, Haynes compelled his listeners to look past his skin color to issues infinitely larger.

His success, although grounded in character, was made possible by his location: his stage was the New England frontier which, although never entirely free of racial prejudice, typically had more needs than trained personnel to meet them: frontier communities couldn't afford the luxury of letting talent stand idle, no matter what personal idiosyncracies came with it—an insight the nation was still trying to incorporate two centuries later.

---

1. Charles E. Tuttle, Jr., "Vermont and the Slavery Question", Proceedings of the Vermont Historical Society, March, 1938, pp. 3-11.
2. By the *Coloured American*, March 11, 1837. True, Benjamin Banneker (1731-1804) achieved national recognition in the 1790s as an astronomer and mathematician by publication of his "Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland Almanac and Ephemeris" in each of the dozen years, 1792-1804. But his profession and his habits (a solitary rural bachelor) did not demand a daily impingement on the prejudices of his neighbors, as did Haynes's as a clergyman to a white congregation.



Painting by Wm. T. Schwarz of Lemuel Haynes preaching in Old Bennington Church. By courtesy of the Bennington Museum.

Granville to be pastor of their new church on the hill, thus becoming the first black man in America to serve as pastor to a white congregation. It is noteworthy that the invitation was "unanimous" and that most of the congregation had probably known Lemuel since he was a small boy.

Two years later he gave protracted spiritual counsel to a 20-year-old young lady who had "gone West" from Dighton, Massachusetts to teach school in Granville. After attaining with his help a conviction of Grace, she proposed marriage to her counselor. Haynes consulted a number of his fellow clergymen, all of whom recommended the marriage, and finally accepted. He and Elizabeth Babbit were wed in September 1783 at Hartland, Conn. She was 10 years his junior and would outlive him by three; she bore ten children, seven of whom would survive her.

In 1785 upon petition by his church elders—headed by Timothy Robinson and Aaron Coe under whom Pvt. Haynes had served in 1776—Haynes was ordained by the Association of Ministers of Litchfield County. The ordination sermon was by his former mentor, Daniel Farrand. This was the first time a black had been ordained by any religious organization in North America. (The first black religious organization would be formed two years later when Richard Allen and his friends, requested by an usher in St. George Church, Philadelphia, to move from the front row of the balcony to the rear rows, walked out and founded the African Methodist Episcopal Church.)

Haynes's ordination was in the Torrington church which he would serve for the next two years. "Many wished to retain him as their permanent pastor," Cooley reports, "but the sensibilities of a few individuals prevented." After a circuit in the fall of 1787 through the frontier settlements of Vermont as a missionary, Haynes was invited by the West Parish congregation in Rutland to become their pastor. He was then 34, his wife was 24, and they had a 3-year-old daughter. There he would serve with success and considerable distinction for the next 30 years: the West Parish congregation grew from 46 to more than 300; he preached regularly in outlying villages as far north as St. Albans, many of which he had helped to organize; his friendship was esteemed by most of his fellow ministers throughout western Vermont; his sermons everywhere were popular and well-attended; he was regularly invited to preach on special occasions—such as Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday celebrations; his sermon against Universalism (1804) was widely published and millions of copies were disseminated by the American Tract Society in America and Britain; he would preach in the "Blue Church" (now the United Church) on the New Haven Green to the approval of Yale's Timothy Dwight and Professor Silliman, and in Fairfield to the General Association of Connecticut (Congregational ministers' convocation) in 1814.[6]

Haynes is not known to have ever "repined that God had not made him without a stain upon his skin"—as his friend, Governor Richard Skinner put it. Ignoring his skin, he faced always outward to the work to be done; by losing his life in that larger purpose, he found his life in service.

Reading the outlines of his sermons, today, it is difficult to understand his success: by modern lights they appear wooden and narrowly Scripture-centered and salvation-oriented—seemingly quite unrelieved by wit or contemporary reference. (Of course, we have outlines, only.) Moreover, his elocutionary style was so plain as to be the despair of any instructor in public speaking: he had no eye contact whatever and his "gestures were few, and those not the most graceful." Nevertheless, reports Simeon Parmelee (AM, 1813)

6. Dr. Dwight was melted to tears by his preaching and Prof. Silliman could recall its text and effect 20 years later. The sermon outline is published in Cooley, pp. 163-166.

son, Lemuel, Jr., was indentured at age 5 to "Deacon David Rose" of Granville.[4]

When Deacon Rose joined a "separatist" group which worshipped apart, Mrs. Rose remained loyal to the original congregation and Lemuel would drive her in buckboard or sled over the mountain to church. Afterward, at Sunday dinner he would repeat for the family assembled the entire outline of the morning's sermon.

His flypaper memory was always a principal strength: he could repeat verbatim long passages from the few books available for study—the Bible, Young's *Night Thoughts,* the psalms and hymns of Isaac Watts, the sermons of Doddridge. Later, he would be esteemed as a "walking concordance" of the Scriptures.

Reared in a devout family, under the unblinking eye of God, and confronted each waking moment by the specter of imminent death and Eternal Damnation, young Lemuel viewed the usual shocks of boyhood—a violent thunderstorm, a near drowning, a near goring by an ox—as profound religious experiences in which he came to see the hand of a special Providence protecting him.

One summer night in his adolescence he was overwhelmed by a display of northern lights—then considered to presage the Day of Judgment. "For many days and nights I was greatly alarmed for fear of appearing before the bar of God, knowing that I was a sinner; I cannot express the terrors of mind that I felt. One evening, being under an apple-tree mourning my wretched situation, I hope I found the Saviour . . . Soon after I united with the church in East Granville and was baptized . . ."

As he approached his 21st birthday when his indenture would terminate (1774), Lemuel built a stone house, with a second floor of logs, across the road from the Roses'. In April 1775, a day after the skirmishing at Lexington and Concord, Haynes enlisted as a minuteman in Capt. Levven Hall's company; he served 24 days and was discharged on May 14th. It is not clear whether, as some allege, he marched north with Col. Benedict Arnold's force to join at Castleton with Ethan Allen's men who stole Fort Ticonderoga on the early morning of May 10th. The records do show that Haynes enlisted in the Continental Army on October 21, 1776 in Capt. Aaron Coe's company (from Granville) which marched via Bennington to reinforce Ft. Ticonderoga after the defeat of Arnold's fleet off Valcour Island on Oct. 11. (It was feared that the British would move down the lake against Forts Crown Point and Ticonderoga, but in fact they retreated into Canada and Ft. Ti was not lost until the following summer.) Haynes was discharged on November 17 and returned to Granville with a case of typhus fever that smoldered on through the following year.

He resumed farming and, after hours, his study of theology. Saturday evenings in the Rose home were given over to religious devotions, when it had long been the deacon's custom to ask Lemuel to read from a volume of sermons. At about this time, freeman Lemuel wrote his own sermon on the text "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," slipped it into the volume, and read it. At the close Deacon Rose inquired whose sermon that was—Davies's, Watt's, Whitfield's? To which the reader hesitantly confessed, "It's Lemuel's sermon."[5] Haynes was then 23.

From this event "he now began to be regarded in the neighborhood as one raised up of God for more than common usefulness," writes Cooley. It becoming known that "he possessed uncommon gifts in prayer and exhortation, and the parish then being destitute of a minister [the Rev. Jedediah Smith, pastor at Granville for 20 years, having gone as missionary to the Louisiana territory], he was frequently called upon to read approved sermons and to lead in the devotional exercises . . ." He had been encouraged by Smith and others to prepare for the ministry and, as he would later recall, "A door was opened for me at Dartmouth College, but I shrunk at the thought." In 1779, however, he went to Canaan, Connecticut and studied Latin and sermon writing in the home of Rev. Daniel Farrand, doing field work to defray his board and tuition. Farrand was considered a man of deep piety, ready wit, original thought, quickness in repartee, and tenacious memory—in short, a perfect model of the man Haynes was to become. (Once chided by a fellow clergyman for his courtesy to some Indians working in a field, Farrand replied, "They always treat me with good manners when I meet them, and I should be ashamed to have it said that the minister of the parish hasn't as good manners as an Indian.")

After a few months with Farrand, Haynes was invited to study Greek with Rev. William Bradford in Wintonbury (now Bloomfield), Connecticut, where a post as schoolteacher was procured for him. The following November (1780), after examination by Farrand and two other ministers (one being the man who had baptized him), Haynes was licensed to preach. He was at once invited by the congregation of Middle

4. Either this was a son of the Granville settler, or else the latter was 17 when infant Lemuel was indentured to him in 1753.
5. Manuscript of this sermon was published in Timothy Mather Cooley's, *Memoir of Lemuel Haynes* (N.Y.: Harper & Bros., 1838), the principal source for any biographer of Haynes.

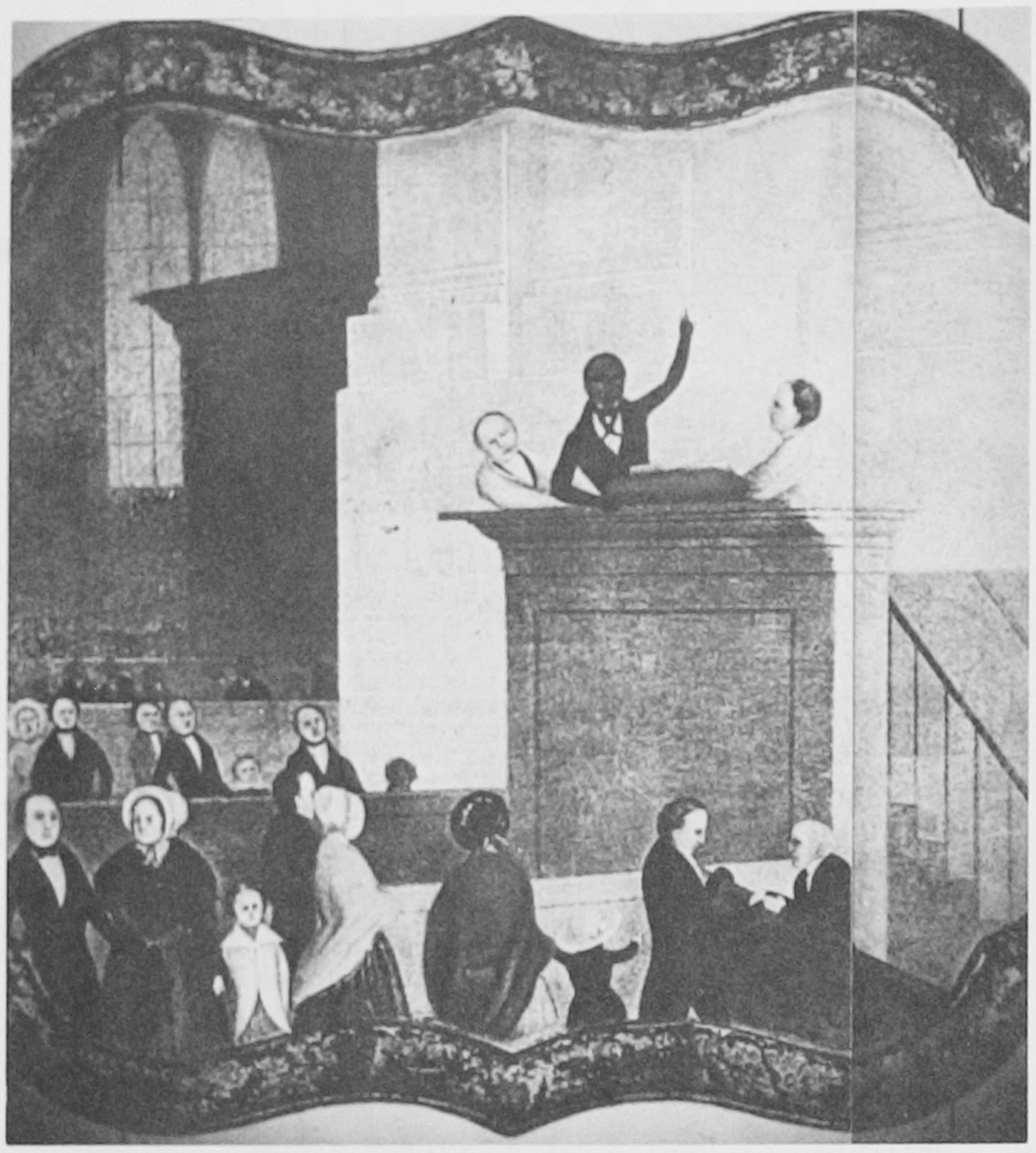
Center of South Granville village where Haynes served his last 11 years, is viewed from hill on which church then stood. View is eastward toward Vermont hills on skyline; Haynes home, right center, is behind tall elm.

the New Hampshire hills, was already in 1804 acclaimed as its most able spokesman and was travelling from village to village with his cheery news and confounding the local orthodoxy. After preaching in West Rutland he courteously invited his host to comment on the sermon if he wished. Haynes rose and proceeded to rebut Mr. Ballou by the time-honored device of attacking the extremest formulation of his opponent's position, namely, "that if men *lie, murder, steal, commit adultery, kill themselves, etc.* yet they will finally escape hell and be eternally happy." Launching his attack from Genesis III, 4 ("And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die"), Haynes proceeded to demonstrate that "the original preacher" of universal salvation was Satan and to suggest that he preaches still. Throughout his remarks, Haynes kept referring to "the preacher" of this doctrine with such perfect ambiguity that the term could mean either Satan or Mr. Ballou. When Haynes's response had been published—millions of copies in twenty editions would be distributed—and Ballou wrote admonishing him for the unchristian viciousness of his attack, Haynes wrote back a long and sophistical letter (which he also published) in which he denied every one of Ballou's points and moved on to further sarcasms whose vehemence suggest that more than theological truth was at stake.[8] The controversy with Ballou gave Haynes wide publicity but by today's lights it was not his finest hour.

As effective as he was in the pulpit, it was Haynes's quick wittedness in repartee that established his widest reputation. "Father Haynes's latest" would spread quickly through the adjacent towns and no one who has written about him has been able to refrain from quoting a few such anecdotes. To the modern ear, conditioned by the wit of professional humorists, they may seem something less than knee-slappers, but as impromptu rejoinders they indicate an exceptionally alert and free-wheeling intelligence. Of a fellow minister who had lost all of his sermon manuscripts when his house burned, Haynes asked if he didn't think his sermons gave more light in the fire than they ever had in the pulpit. When two boys on the street tried him with "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news? The Devil is dead!", he instantly placed a hand on each lad's head and with mock concern said, "Oh, you poor fatherless children! What *will* become of you!"

Haynes's principal failing seems to have been an

8. First, Haynes was 52, Ballou was in his twenties; also, Ballou, upon arriving in Rutland, had made a cocky remark (soon relayed to Haynes) implying that most ministers were afraid to dispute with him.



Painting on tea tray (ca. 1820) located in Boston probably shows Haynes preaching in 1814 at New Haven or at Fairfield.

who studied theology with Haynes, "There was something in the looks, manner, and gesture of the man that claimed my attention and impressed my youthful mind with the thought that he was something more than human." However witty and even audacious in personal conversation, Parmelee continues, "when he ascended the pulpit, it was with a gravity which seemed to indicate that he felt the amazing weight of his charge as an ambassador of God to dying men." Moreover, "his sympathies were uncommonly strong. His reading was somewhat old-fashioned and monotonous, but peculiarly impressive. His prayers were inimitable [and] original. He was the least formal . . . of any man I ever heard. . . . In prayer and in preaching . . . he was like no one else. His choice of text was peculiar. His plans were original. He was mighty in the Scriptures and he could quote them from memory, referring to chapter and verse." Another listener (Cooley) reports, "His enunciation, though remarkably clear, was extremely rapid; a delightful flow of words and thoughts, as if they were crowding each other for utterance." Although "he had studied no rules of elocution and was far from being an accomplished orator, . . . he not only possessed a kind of poetic enthusiasm and knew how to employ the most lively images, . . . but the tones of his voice were natural, familiar, and insinuating." In the pulpit "he forgot himself . . . he was like one standing on the verge of two worlds, viewing alternately the one and the other and taking his measures with due regard to both . . . His sermons you could never forget [and] at the close you would be ready to say, as an interesting and intelligent lady once said, 'It seems as if the angels had come down!' "

So—his outlines notwithstanding, he obviously was doing something right.

He would warn young ministers-in-training who studied under his tutelage, "Keep ego out of the pulpit." Also, "Never begin until you have something to say; always stop when you are done." Concerning Jesus's injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves" he would advise, "An ounce of serpent to a pound of dove is generally enough!"

That Lemuel Haynes was awarded an honorary degree by Middlebury at its second commencement, 1804, is not surprising. Not only was Haynes then one of the outstanding clergymen in Vermont, he was known personally to at least three of the trustees of the fledgling College—the Reverends Job Swift, Heman Ball, and William Jackson—and probably to others. His was the fourth Master's degree awarded by Middlebury and the first to a man without even an academy education.[7]

President Atwater and the trustees must have felt confirmed in their judgment the following year when Haynes put the lash of his sarcastic rhetoric to the back of Heresy in the form of an arch-champion of Universalism, Hosea Ballou. Universalists didn't deny Hell, but only eternal damnation. They rejected Jonathan Edwards' hard-core predestinarianism and argued that it was God's will that everyone should be saved through Divine Grace as revealed in Christ's teachings. Some sinners might defeat, for a time, God's purpose by their obstinacy and for these retribution was sure, but the Almighty was a loving Father who purposed that every one of his children should ultimately be saved. Even sinners consigned to fiery torment would eventually be redeemed: Hell's purpose was reformation, not vengeance. This rather kindly religion had been brought from England by John Murray who founded his first Universalist Church in Gloucester, Massachusetts in 1780. Young Hosea Ballou, out of

7. There is rumored to have been a Haynes autobiography, and because Haynes is an honorary alumnus of Middlebury, the College Archives hope to locate a copy of this valuable information source. Unfortunately the small black-bound volume is believed to name Haynes's mother, and subsequent generations of her family are said, as an act of filial piety, to have systematically bought and destroyed all copies they could find in the next 100 years. But the College archivist hopes there must be one copy left, somewhere.

After simple marble slab had been erected over Haynes's grave, right, the following epitaph for his gravestone was discovered among his papers: "Here lies the dust of a poor hell-deserving sinner, who ventured into eternity trusting wholly on the merits of Christ for salvation. In the full belief of the great doctrines he preached while on earth, he invites his children, and all who read this, to trust their eternal interest on the same foundation."

Of the three sons, Lemuel, Jr. purchased his parents' home in 1833 and continued to farm in South Granville; Samuel became a physician and practiced somewhere in New York state; and William '31 took a year at Middlebury College, 1827-28, and later became a lawyer in Boston, where he is said to have also been active in the Oliver Ditson Music Company (publishers) of that city. This generation, being 3/4ths white, apparently "passed" and thus Lemuel Haynes, one of the few eminent blacks of his time, has today no visible descendants to honor his name.[9]

Even in his 70s, Haynes worked unflaggingly—in the pulpit, in the home, at the bedside, and at the graveside. His memoirist, Cooley, thought that in many ways his last decade at South Granville was his most gratifying. The church grew in numbers, its pastor was much in demand for spiritual counselling and for funerals, and seems to have been as esteemed by his neighbors as by his fellow ministers.

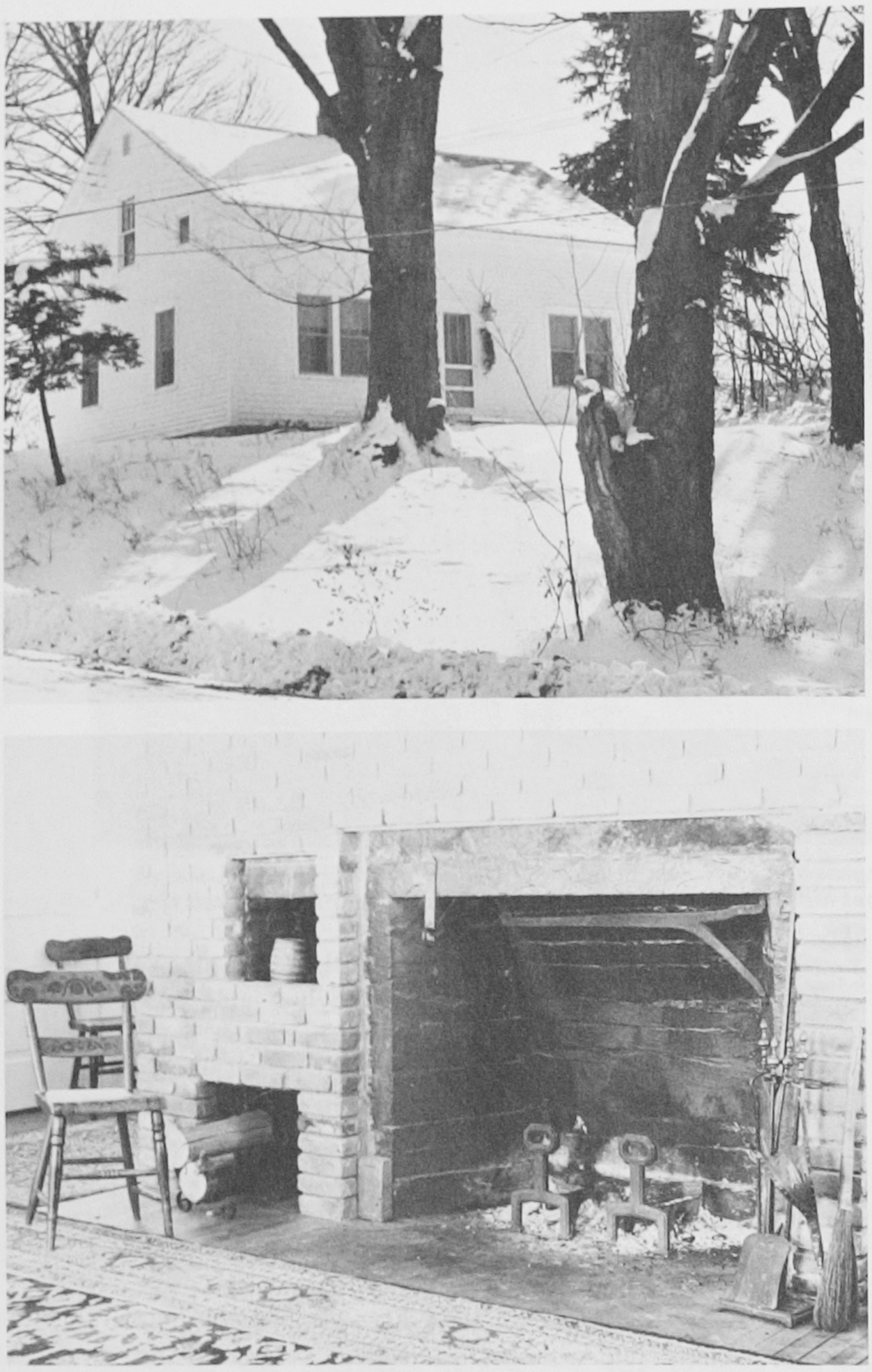
In March 1833 Haynes suffered a collapse of the circulatory system in one leg and a resulting gangrene which required him to resign his pastoral work. He lingered on through that summer and finally died on September 28th in the third month of his 80th year. His wife Elizabeth died in February 1836. The remains of both rest side by side in the South Granville cemetery a mile north of the Haynes's modest home.

At South Granville his wit and memory had continued as sharp as his loyalties were strong. A Federalist to the end, Haynes was unreconciled when Democrat Andrew Jackson was elected President in 1828, and he would probably not object if we fade out with another scene recounted in the manuscript by unknown hand:

> "Soon after it was ascertained that Gen. Jackson had been elected president over Mr. Adams, a meeting of the Jackson men on some political business was held at the hotel at Bishop's Corners. Dinner was over and the company were still at the table, drinking toasts, when Mr. Haynes, having had some business at the house, on his way to the door when ready to leave, accidentally entered the dining room & was at once backing out of it, but the company, seeing him, was vociferous that he should come in & take a glass of wine with them & give them a toast to drink. He declined; but they refused to excuse him. The glasses being filled, he gave the following toast: 'Andrew Jackson. Psalm 109th, 8th verse.' Most of the company, hearing the name of their favorite leader connected with a passage of scripture which they presumed was some benediction, drank the toast, & Mr. Haynes withdrew & a moment after was seated in his wagon & on his way homewards. Some one of the company, anxious to know what the particular passage was, went into an adjoining room, procured a bible & returning hunted out the passage & read it to his companions: 'Let his days be few; and let another take his office.'" □

---

9. Because no systematic biography of Haynes has been located and recent research has shown how many published statements about him are incorrect, the present writer has included, here, some new or corrected details "for the record". A principal investigator now working on Haynes's life is Dr. John E. Rogers of the University of Hartford. Dr. Paul Douglass, president-emeritus of American University, now living in South Granville, N.Y., has published a brief memoir (*Black Apostle to Yankeeland*, 1972, Frank P. Sullivan, Brandon, Vt.) which also corrects a number of earlier errors.



Musing beside the kitchen fire in South Granville, the aging Haynes must have reflected that like his mother he should be thankful, that he, too, had enjoyed a good win against long odds.

irrepressible taste for sarcasm. He did not suffer fools gladly and, as he grew older, the words "stupid" and "stupidity" appear with increasing frequency in his letters.

He was always an ardent patriot—his Independence Day discourse, quoted above, reads well even today—and he all but worshipped George Washington. In 1832, at the age of 79, he made the arduous trip to New York City to participate in the centennial celebrations of Washington's birth. Perhaps this loyalty to his former Commander in Chief strengthened his own lifelong advocacy of the Federalist Party long after 1800 when the Federalists had relinquished the White House forever. (Haynes's own career would certainly have delighted Jefferson, a Virginian who detested slavery but couldn't see what to do about it, and on the other hand it's difficult to see how the Federalists offered anything that could appeal to Haynes's self-interest.)

In 1818 Haynes, then 65, asked his congregation to dismiss him. The circumstances are not clear, but reading between the lines of his farewell sermon, one senses that the new generation now forming the majority in his church—only 10 of the original congregation remained—being further removed from the frontier democracy of their elders, may well have entertained bourgeois aspirations to middle-class respectability and felt that a colored minister was a bit déclassé. "Often through the depravity of the human heart and the prejudice that sinners have to the truth, and to the servants of Christ," Haynes said then, "they will turn their backs on divine worship and leave the house of God." And, "Considering the divisions existing and the uncommon stupidity prevalent, I have been fully satisfied that it was my duty to be dismissed, and have requested my friends not to oppose it."

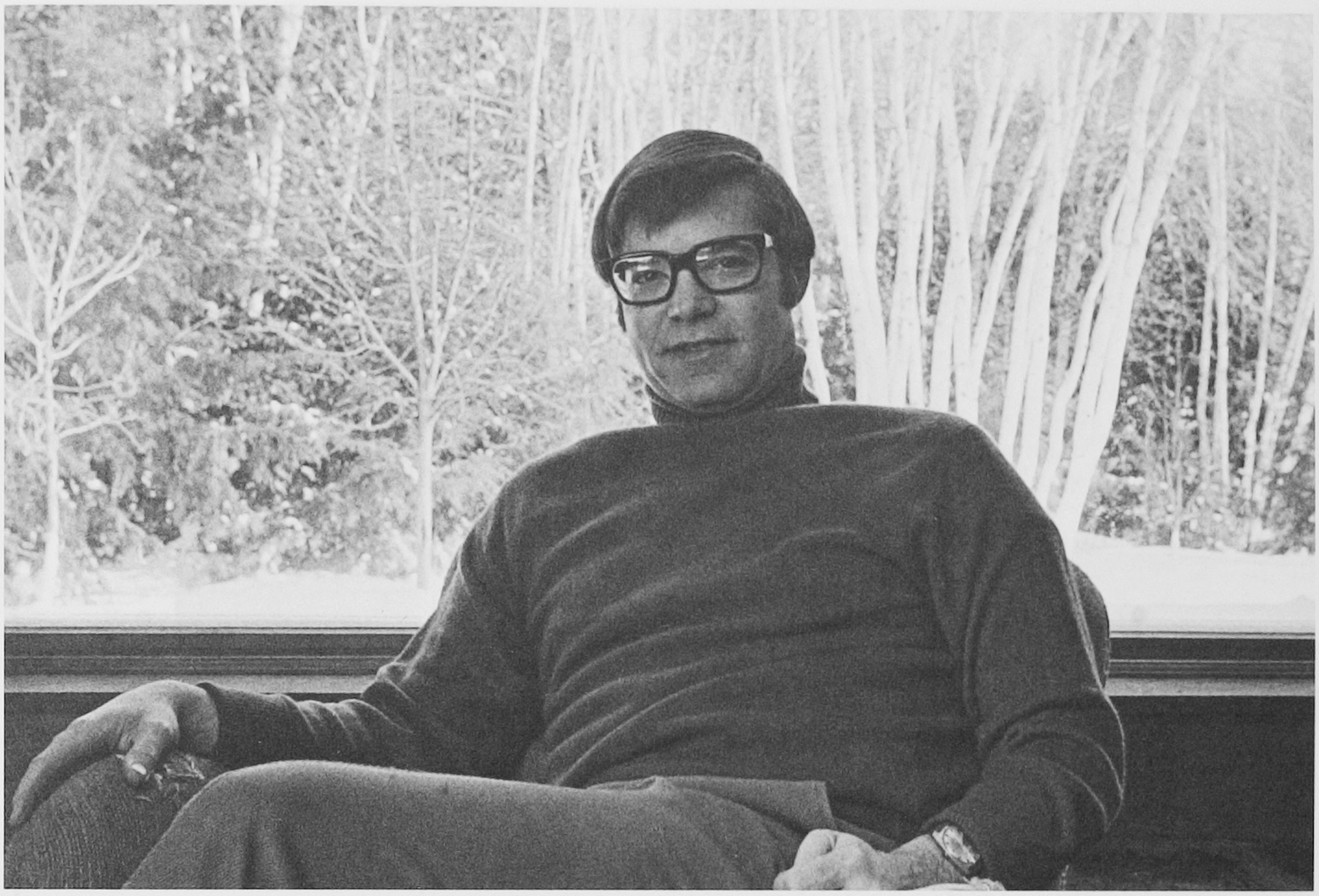
Also, a manuscript written by a contemporary of Haynes, name unknown, reports,

> "The people in Rutland, where he preached for thirty years, at length began to think they would appear more respectable with a white pastor than a black one, and therefore, or at least measurably on that account, dismissed him. Attending to this, he subsequently used to say 'he lived with the people in Rutland thirty years, and they were so sagacious that at the end of that time they found out that he was *a nigger*, and so turned him away.' "

About six months later, he was invited to the pulpit in Manchester, Vermont, where he served for the next three years.

In 1822 Haynes, now 69 years old, accepted the pastorate in South Granville, N.Y. and in this small village in lovely, rolling hill country near West Pawlet, Vermont, he served his final 11 years.

The 10 Haynes children were Elizabeth, Eunice, Electa, Lemuel Jr., Sally, Olive, Pamela, twins Samuel Woodbridge and William Babbit, and Lois: Olive died at 25 in 1823 and Eunice, who had for many years suffered "a severe and wasting disease," died at 42 in 1831 (?); Lois is believed to have died in 1828. Elizabeth married Benjamin Capron, Jr. of Rutland in 1809.



more to country than to urban landscapes. In high school I began to discover that in order to *see* things in the natural world, and to enjoy them fully, I had to try to say things about them. I began to see natural objects—mountains, lakes, trees, animals, stones—as aspects of myself. The moment you begin to do that, you begin to think metaphorically, poetically. And through metaphor, you know, you can get at anything. The kinds of trouble and happiness I try to write about now, I think, are typical of all men; though my poems are grounded in intimate, local experience, I think they speak to universal experience."

And the budding undergraduate poets at Middlebury, what kinds of voices were they trying to speak with? "Well, not long ago students seemed mainly interested in politics, and could not see that the world may be improved through the visions of its artists as well as through the action of its politicians. We are returning now, I think, to a period in which the students have a more substantial view of the relationship between the private and public worlds—that is to say, between what the artist has to offer and the very quality of social life.

"Not only that," Pack continued, "but also a change in the students' willingness to consider themselves, while in college, *apprentices*. Students now seem more open in experimenting before making a decision as to what techniques will and will not work for them. They're less impatient to get to the point where they consider that they have developed a craft and earned a voice out of which to speak their poems.

"Now, also," he noted, "more students at Middlebury seem to be interested in exploring the possibility of becoming poets. Realistically speaking, however, the number who will succeed is exceedingly small. In my 16 years of teaching, here and at Barnard, I can count

Bob Pack on Writing Poetry

Rural Vermont 'Ideal Place for Me' Says New Director of Writers' Conference

By Laurence B. Chase

Robert Pack, a young-looking, 43-year-old refuge from the Bronx (Dartmouth '51), sat comfortably in his well-worn office armchair one afternoon recently, stretched out his Vibram-soled hiking boots, and fielded questions about his work. What were the claims of the poet on the time of the average harassed citizen in 1973 America?, he was asked. Why should we read a volume of poetry rather than, say, *Consumer Reports* or the *New York Times*—something useful?

"I don't think of poetry as a democratic art in the sense that it *can* appeal to a very wide audience," he answered. "It takes considerable effort, and probably training as well, to read serious poetry and fully enjoy it. The serious poet addresses himself to a historical audience, more than to an immediate one; he hopes his poems will be, well, *around* for awhile, and that if there's to be wide readership it will take place over time. The audience he writes for is an audience that can perceive the subtleties and complexities of a poem, its hidden richnesses as well as the immediacy of its voice and concerns, whether they be social, political, or psychological.

"Realistically, of course," Pack smiled and continued, "the likelihood that the work of any poet will survive his own lifetime is not great. From the perspective of history the chances are that his efforts will pass into oblivion; part of the commitment to devote one's life to writing has to be made in light of that understanding. Nonetheless, perhaps all writers need the fantasy of thinking that their truest readers are yet to come."

Around Middlebury College, and up on the mountain at the Bread Loaf campus where the Writers' Conference is held each summer, they refer to the writing of poetry as "a crafty art." Its chief local practitioner these days is Bob Pack, a widely published poet who appears craftily to have parlayed his art into something approaching the good life. "The Cornwall poet" he is called by the local weekly, for it is in Cornwall that he has built his modern home—on 100 acres of farmland with a Green Mountain view—for himself, wife Patricia, and three children. At the College he is the Julian W. Abernethy Professor of American Literature; up at Bread Loaf he is the new Director of the Writers' Conference, having succeeded poet and critic John Ciardi after last summer's session. Out in the "real world," where his new volume of poetry, *Nothing but Light*, has just been published by the Rutgers University Press, critics have called him such things, over the years, as "visionary incantator," "a skilled and thoughtful poet," "a contemporary master," and "a poet of very high distinction indeed."

"In *Nothing but Light*, as in my other books," Pack was saying, "I have tried to write poems that can be read and enjoyed in some way on their first or second reading—which is to say that I do want the poems to be heard as if spoken by a believable human voice. I often read my poems to my nine-year-old son; if he responds to the sounds, to the rhythms, then I feel there must be some immediate sensuous appeal in the poem. But I would hope, too, that a reader who responds to the color and imagery and sensuousness of a poem would also want to explore the deeper implications that an awareness of the poem's design offers. Every word in a poem—*every word*—must be in tune with every other word, every image with every other, so that, finally, the *felt meaning* emerges through the reader's intense awareness of the internal interrelationships.

"For me the greatest pleasure in writing poetry, now, is not seeing it published—not any more, that is—but rather rereading a poem after I think it's complete. The process of completion may be a long one: 20 drafts spread out over six months or more isn't unusual. But the sense that you've musically organized experience in a complex, sensuous way and the discovery that you know something about yourself that you didn't know before—because you can't always anticipate how a poem is going to find its completion—that sense and that discovery of making and completing is very deep."

His visitor asked why, when most contemporary problems seem related to the cities, to technology, to wars occurring continents away—why did Pack choose country images to carry his messages? Wasn't that, well, irrelevant? He thought not. "In the first place, though I was born in the city, I have always responded

The Pack Rat

Collector of lost beads, buttons, bird bones,
Catalogue-maker with an eye for glitter,
Litter-lover, entrepreneur of waste—
Bits of snail-shell, chips of jugs, red thread,
Blue thread, tinfoil, teeth; fair-minded thief
(Leaving in my pocket when I slept,
A pine-cone and two nuts for the dime you stole);
Reasonable romancer, journeying more
Than half a mile to get a mate, split-eared
Lover with a bitten tail (your mate mates rough),
You last all courtship long, you stick around
When the brood comes, unlike most other rats;
Payer of prices, busy with no dreams,
But brain enough to get along; moderate
Music maker with moderate powers, thumping
The drum of frightened ground with both hind feet
Or scraping dry leaves till the still woods chirp;
Simple screamer seized by the owl's descent,
One scream and one regret, just one, fellow,
Forebear, survivor, have I lost my way?

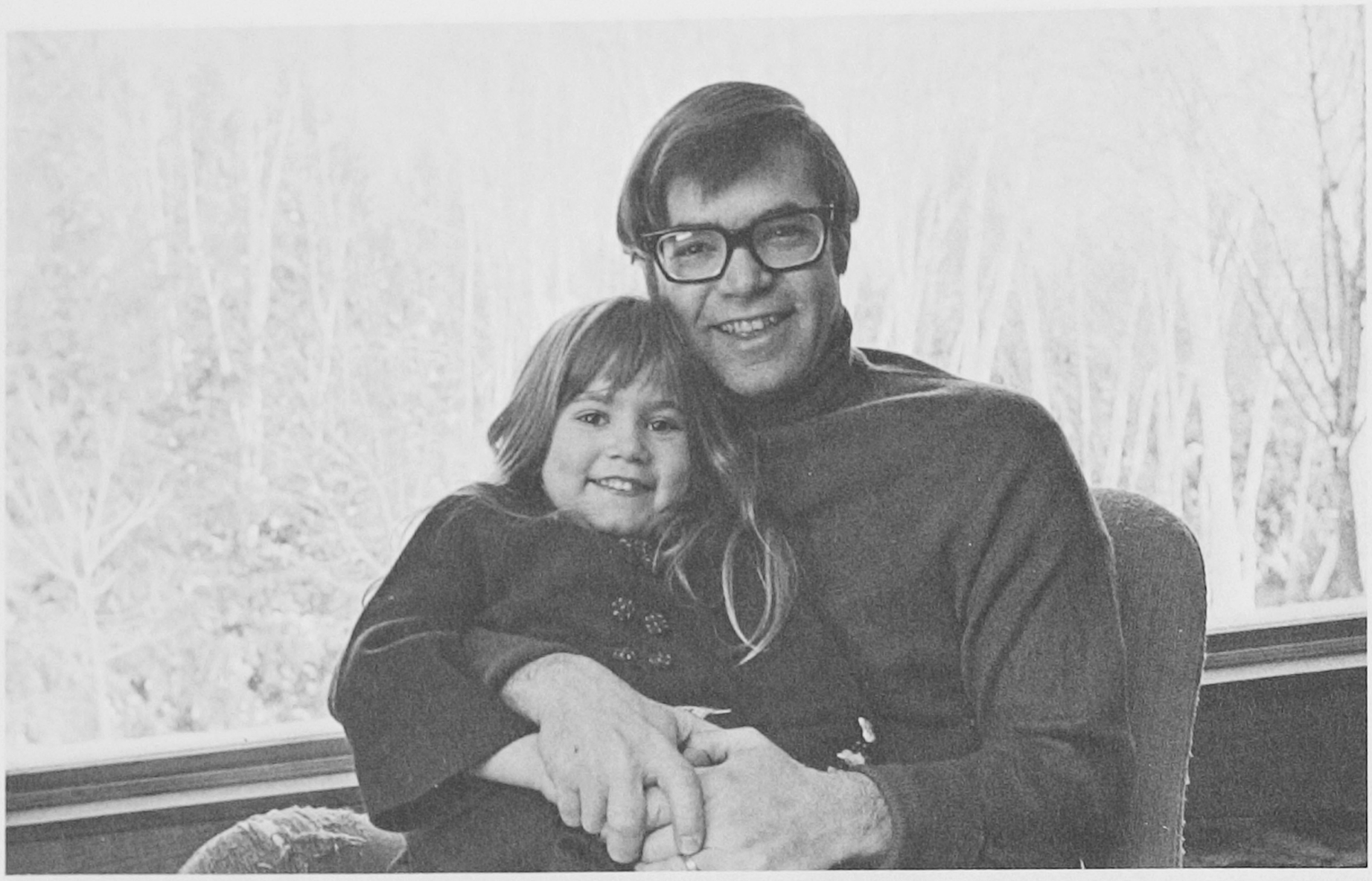
The two poems, "The Pack Rat" and "Prayer to My Father", are copyrighted, 1973, by The Rutgers University Press.

"I'd known for a long time that I'd eventually have to write a poem about my namesake. Many poets are fascinated with playing on their own name—like Donne and Shakespeare. I've punned on the name Pack in a number of poems, and I hope to survive long enough to do so again.

"I got the idea many years ago. I have a large library of animal books at home and when I find an interesting detail I often try to appropriate it in writing a poem. As I did more and more reading about this little creature, I discovered that there were many qualities about him that I admired: some that I felt I have, and others that I aspire to. The reading led me to ask the larger question whether the pack rat has certain qualities that all humans ought to have. So here, in part, I'm measuring myself against an ideal—that ideal is the acceptance of human limits; and accepting human limits in this poem also means the acceptance of oneself as an animal. This is a recurring theme in my poems, by the way: the struggle to make peace with oneself as a human animal.

"I finally sat down to write the poem about three years ago. Once begun, the passages establishing the analogy between myself and the pack rat came quite easily—all the details about the collecting and mating behavior are accurate—but where that was going to lead me I had no idea; I didn't know for a long time how I wanted to end the poem.

"So the poem was in draft form for several months. The ending came when I realized that the identification between the pack rat and myself also was limited—not in the literal sense, but in the sense that there might be something about the animal that had greater power to survive, to persevere, than I had. That was the most frightening aspect of the poem, and that was finally the aspect that I needed to engage, to dramatize in the last three lines. Once I realized that, I finished the poem in one further sitting."



With daughter Pamela, 5½.

half a dozen of my students who have published a first book of poetry. Not a lot, when compared to the number who have become literary scholars, for example."

Which was more rewarding: to see a former writing student published or a former student of literature win a PhD? He was silent a long time on that one, then chose his words carefully: "I don't like to think that I give more of myself to my creative writing students than to those who will pursue academic careers, but certainly, in some secret part of myself, I've directed my hopes to the young poets."

Might one then conclude, he was asked, that the Writers' Conference, in which Pack has participated for the past decade, would offer even greater sustenance to the teacher of poetry, since many of the participants are selected according to their promise as writers? It *was* rewarding, he acknowledged—though not primarily because of the teacher's influence upon the budding writer: the two-week duration of the Conference was too short for that, he thought. What was important, rather, was "the sharing of talk about writing with people who are committed to writing, or who want to learn how to become committed. The talk exchanged by people of different ages, at different points of development, can be wonderfully rich."

And what about the non-writer? Could the person who was merely interested in writing, but who had, say, other commitments, share in that talk? "Of course," he said. "We try to appeal especially to teachers of writing, primarily at the high-school or junior-college level, who want to experience what writing is all about from the inside. Then, too, the excitement of being with people who are passionately caught up in an enterprise, a lifelong enterprise, should be exciting for *anyone*, regardless of his or her profession. The Bread Loaf Campus is a very intense, exciting place for two weeks each August."

"This is an ideal place for me," Pack commented. "Although I fully enjoyed the intellectual excitement of New York City when I taught at Barnard [1957-64], I no longer need that immediate kind of intellectual/social stimulation. I prefer the privacy and quiet of Vermont." For elaboration he found a short autobiographical sketch that accompanies his poetry in a recent anthology, *Contemporary Poetry in America.* It reads in part: "We cherish our privacy and are happier than perhaps one has the right to be in these times. It is from my sense of the goodness of private life, the ties of family and friendship, and the inexorable drift toward apocalypse, that I write my poems, hopefully more out of compassion than anger."

Scholars on their own

'Doing' instead of 'taking' their education, Independent Scholars face the question, If you could design your own curriculum, what would you study?

By Laura Reinertsen '73 and the Editor

Whatever else a school may owe its student, its first obligation is not to stand in his way. For a small minority at Middlebury, the necessity of organizing their courses around one of the 25 majors offered by the College is, in fact, an obstacle. So the Faculty extends to these students an invitation to plan their own program of study: if the student can't accomplish his educational objective through one of the regular or interdepartmental majors, and if the proposed program seems worthy and the student sufficiently capable and motivated to pursue it without close monitoring, a committee of the Faculty will designate him an "Independent Scholar" and urge him on his way.

This term there are 25 such scholars—not quite 1½% of the total undergraduate enrollment. The purpose of the program is "to allow a limited number of students of demonstrated intellectual motivation and ability to define their own educational goals and to assume personal responsibility for attaining them independently of the normal curricular requirements of the College." The program was begun in the fall of 1971, and six members of the Class of '72 were Independent Scholars in their senior year.

"To be an Independent Scholar is *not* simply an 'academic honor,'" insists the committee chairman. "There are plenty of other honors to work for. Rather it's a device to enable certain offbeat kinds of curriculum to be followed that are more fruitful for certain students than any of the regular majors. The Independent Scholar program gives these few students who need it the freedom to go their own way." Chairman of the Independent Scholar committee this year is Christopher Watters, assistant professor of biology.

"Of course this freedom to fly carries with it a freedom to fail—which in some cases means a freedom to goof off. The Committee tries to screen out the potential goof-offs, but I'd even settle for one or two out of five if it meant the others were enabled to learn some things they couldn't otherwise.

"The work of Independent Scholars is evaluated—we have to assign grades to determine who's eligible for academic honors—and, of course, this is more difficult than for typical course work. But Independent Scholars usually are doing one and often two independent-study projects, and/or producing other written evidence of learning each term. For example, one senior is turning in, every two weeks, his solution to a single mathematics problem given him by his professors—these are 'classic' problems in the field and he's headed for graduate school. It's fairly easy to keep track of what's being learned."

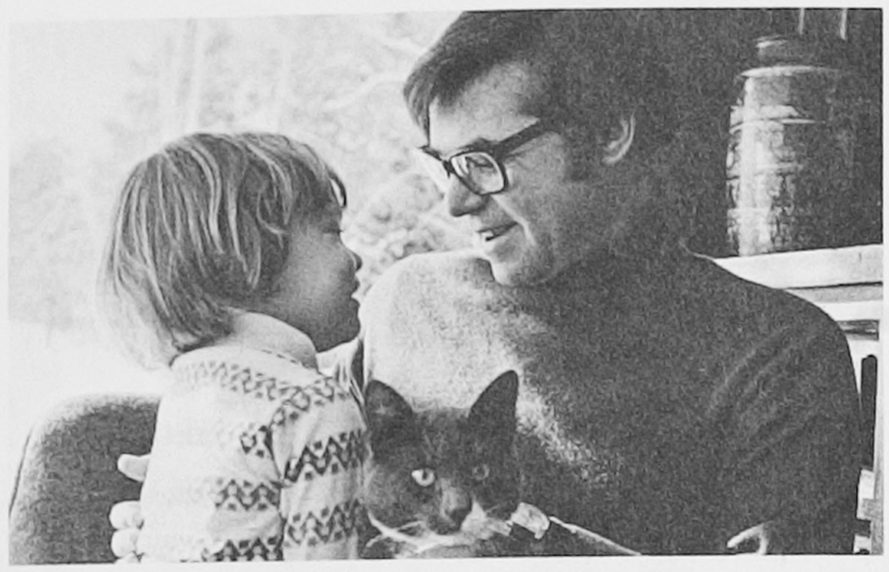
This year Independent Scholars are conducting their own intellectual explorations in advanced mathematics, Chinese history and culture, religious themes in Romantic poetry, Marxist thought, "two-cultures" communication, translation of modern West African poetry, the revolutionary hero, fine arts, photography, and sculpture—in addition to the fields of the several students interviewed, below.

Last year an Independent Scholar spent his spring term in Dahomey, applying insights of psychology, philosophy, and anthropology to a study of tribal family structure; he transferred to McGill where he's majoring in anthropology and has now been designated a Rhodes Scholar. This past fall a senior was investigating Indian religious thought at the University of Mainz, which has a strong Indian studies program, and has now returned to write her senior thesis in this field. Another student studied architectural de-

President of the MC Activities Board and sole student on the Special Committee on the College, Laura Reinertsen '73 also serves on the Independent Scholar Committee. Herself an Independent Scholar, she is working on problems of communicating science to the layman; she hopes to take her doctorate in evolutionary genetics.

Prayer to My Father While Putting My Son to Bed

Father of my voice, old humbled ghost,
ragged with earned earth,
Teach me again to praise those joys
your last sleep
Still awakes in me. Who am I, mourner,
to assuage, to contend
With this ravenous year—all the betrayers
eating the sun?
What can I hold to? What can I tell this boy
who at moonrise
Picked a vase of asters, purple and white,
now holding back from sleep
Another trusting moment, listening
to my voice,
To what it says? Shall my voice, our voice, say
beware of the betrayer
(In the room of your heart, in this room
where you brought your asters
Purple and blue and white, those plucked stars),
I am the one
You have dreamed about who has stolen your waters,
devoured your air?
That is only the guilty truth, I must
not go back
To that, mourning your death and his death to come
I have given birth to,
And the sun's murder which you and I
and he too
Must commit. But in your memory, father,
ghost of my voice,
I choose another theme equally old—
I speak it simply
As I know how, feeling what I feel
praising the sun
With you awake in my mind and this boy
here, here
Hugging goodnight, holding the dark,
his dark and mine,
With his asters lighting this mourning room
for you old humbled ghost—
It is good, what I feel is good, I feel
it has always been good.
I hold to it as you held to it. If only
my voice, this poem,
This prayer, could hold you back in life,
and protect my child
When another and another morning comes.



"A main theme in my poetry has always been what it means to be a son, what it means to be a father, what it means to be both at once. More and more in my poetry now the generations merge. Here I've tried to create an entity of the image of my father, myself, and my son. The merging of three generations appears also as a mingling of voices: the father helps create the voice of his son, and the son, in turn, becomes father to another voice. I have tried to create a sense of voices that is both tangible and mysterious at the same time, a sense of voices partaking of one another.

"The poem comes from a simple repeated experience. It is the kind of experience I like to write about—one that is hardly unique, that can be shared by many readers, and yet one that may be explored in a wide number of ways.

"For example the 'mourning room' and the act of mourning are not only places and expressions of grief but also of celebration: celebration of the memory of a father and of the good-night exchange with a son. And the expression 'eating the sun' I use to symbolize a combination of grief and pleasure: grief in the sense that one eventually devours one's life, and pleasure in the sense that we incorporate, bodily, sunlight during our life; it is what sustains all life.

"The choice that is eventually made in the poem is to accept the literal events—a father's death, a son's death-to-come, and the living moment in which both of these thoughts is held—in a positive way, through the celebration of both lost and immediate pleasure and love. The poet adds to life in his choice and ability to praise—especially in the face of final loss and final defeat."

Peggy Robinson '74

David Brown '75

spring she is a teaching assistant for the 5th grade in a local school—8:00 to 3:30 five days a week; after which she prepares exceptionally complete lesson plans (which are submitted for grading) on the subject—science, math, social studies, reading, or language arts—she will be teaching the following day. In addition she's taking an evening seminar course in the teaching of reading and math. With her Watson Fellowship, Corky will be investigating, next year, elementary-school teaching procedures in France and England, and the several bilingual grade schools in Quebec. Oh yes, Corky also serves as one of the two student members of the Independent Scholar Committee.

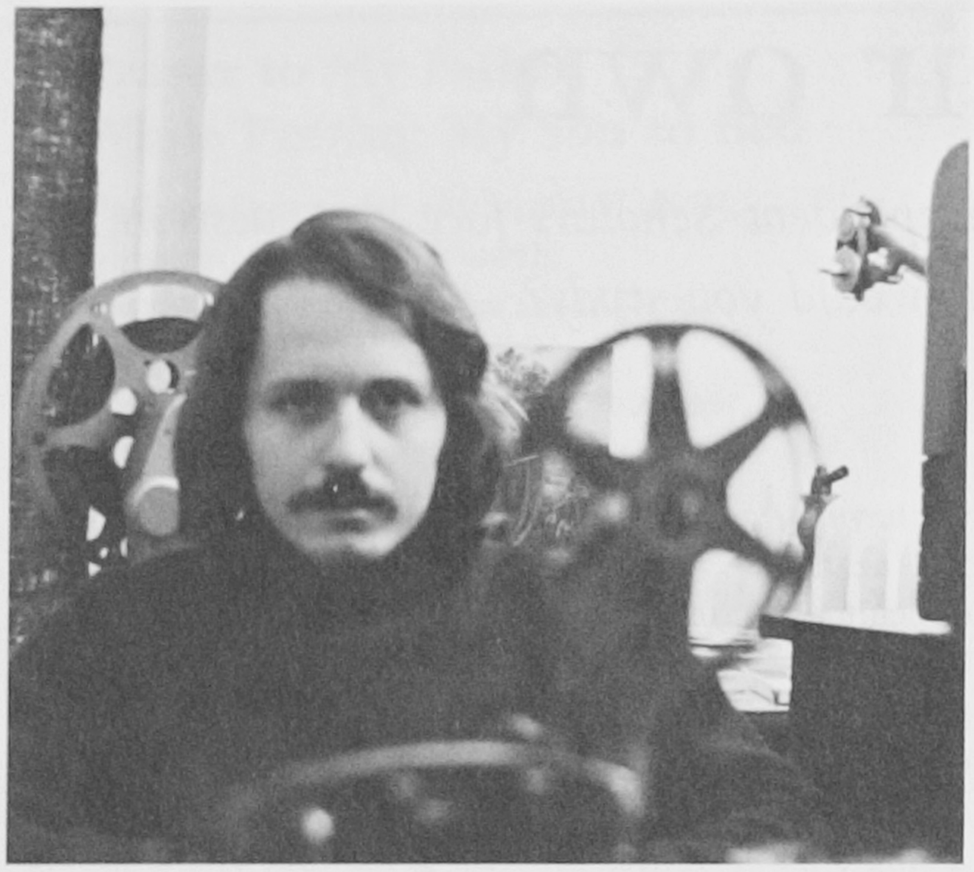
A major in Urban Studies at Middlebury sounds paradoxical if not ludicrous. But Peggy Robinson '74 from Toledo wants to work in city planning so she's put together a coherent program of study out of many seemingly disparate elements. "My program covers six different fields—history, poli sci, economics, sociology, geography, and art—so I'm really getting a very *liberal* liberal-arts background. But surprisingly enough in a rural place like Middlebury, I have more than enough courses available to make up an Urban Studies major that's very much tailored to my needs."

Before going off-campus to work in New York City, Peggy explained her spring-term program: "The special course at the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies should be very good; it'll be a regular work week but with a long work day. There are lectures—all the Institute fellows also teach—and I'll be working on two projects. One is a housing unit in Brownsville that's to be a prototype for future construction in New York state; the other is a land-use act for lower Manhattan which we'll be drafting for the Manhattan Planning Board. This is concerned with planning the distribution of business facilities and residential units in the entire area. I expect to return to campus next year, take more courses and do a senior thesis, but a lot depends on what comes out of the spring program. I hope to get a lot of specific data on social-planning outlooks, what city people really need, and how those needs determine the social make-up, the social and economic environment of that metropolitan area."

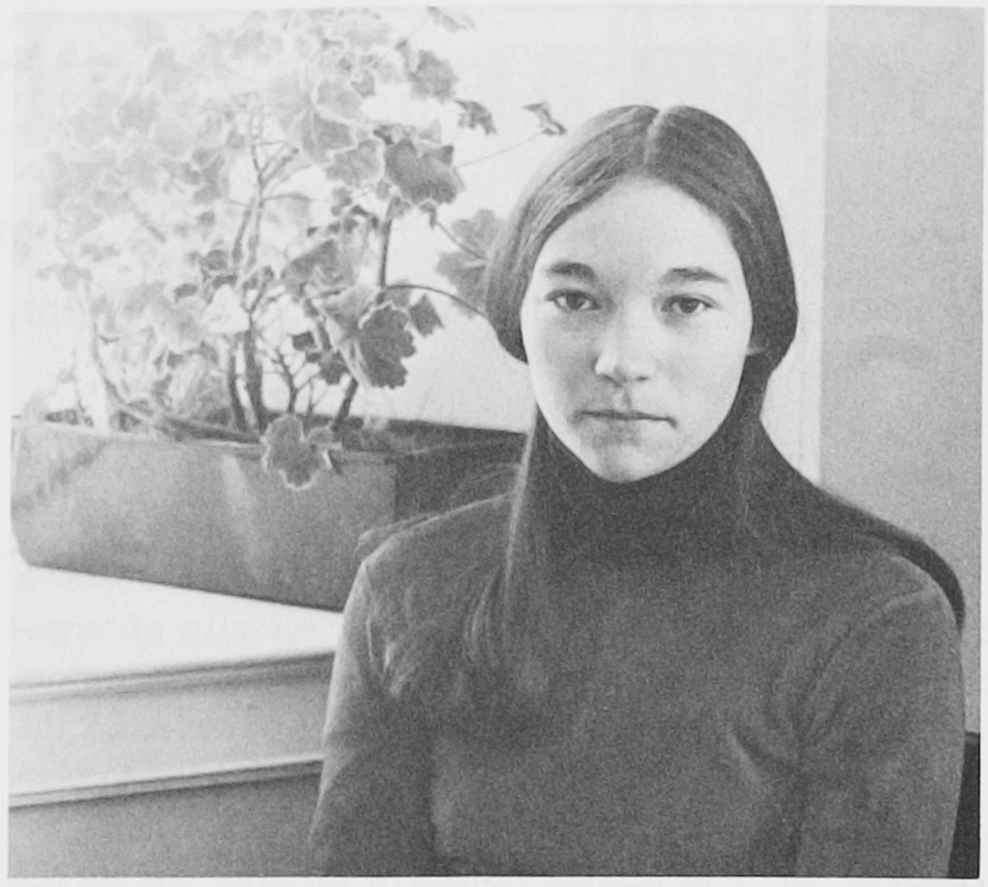
After Middlebury, Peggy hopes to work for a city planning board, perhaps eventually going to graduate school once she finds out which area would be most appropriate for the kinds of problem she wants to work on. "Really, for me, the Independent Scholar program has been a godsend: I wouldn't have been able to do the things I wanted without it. I think, for me, it's brought a lot more excitement to my studies than I'd ever had before."

For sophomore David Brown, the Independent Scholar program is permitting a half-year experiment to find out if he ought to become an artist. If the experiment "succeeds" he will probably transfer to an art school for his final two years; if it doesn't, David will resume his liberal-arts curriculum at Middlebury.

He discovered his talent in the Winter-term of his freshman year when, in Prof. Reiff's studio course, he



Antony Ricos '73



Corky Hulswit '73

sign, last fall, with Paoli Soleri in Arizona.

To get a student's-eye view of how the program is working in practice, we talked, recently, with five Independent Scholars on campus.

No one can enter the assistant house director's room in the Chateau without seeing instantly that the occupant is wholly absorbed in film-making. Antony Ricos '73 from Athens began photographing ten years before he came to Middlebury and had filmed his first documentary by 1969. "Although I've known for years that I wanted to make films professionally," Antony explains, "when I came to this country I wanted a liberal-arts education first, before I went on to technical training in film-making at the graduate level." After 2½ years of a conventional liberal-arts curriculum at Middlebury, Antony proposed an Independent Scholar program for his final year and a half. "My program had two parts: one was studying and analyzing films; the other was making films, myself. Last year I shot a short science-fiction film in the Science Center and this fall I returned to Athens and shot footage for a personal documentary on the city, in color, to be titled *Athinai*, which is Greek for "Athens." I am editing it, now, and it will be screened in May as my senior thesis. It'll run about 30 minutes." President of the Cinema Club, last year, Antony has also taught a Winter-term course on film-making under the direction of Prof. Bart Teush.

"While in Athens, I was also investigating the Greek film industry—what's going on, current productions, financing, esthetics, and so on." Because the major film producers in Greece also control the theaters, he added, it's difficult for independent films to get a wide enough showing to pay for themselves. However, since nationwide television has come to Greece, recently, it may soon become an important new outlet for 16-mm film shorts. To date, he said, most Greek films have imitated Hollywood or French escapist movies; they haven't dealt with situations peculiar to Greece. A few authentically Greek films have been made, nevertheless, and last year an ambitious independent production, Angelopoulos' *Days of '36*, set a new standard for Greek film-making—Ricos considers it comparable to the best European pictures. Antony intends to continue his film training in graduate school, this fall, and hopes eventually to direct and produce his own films.

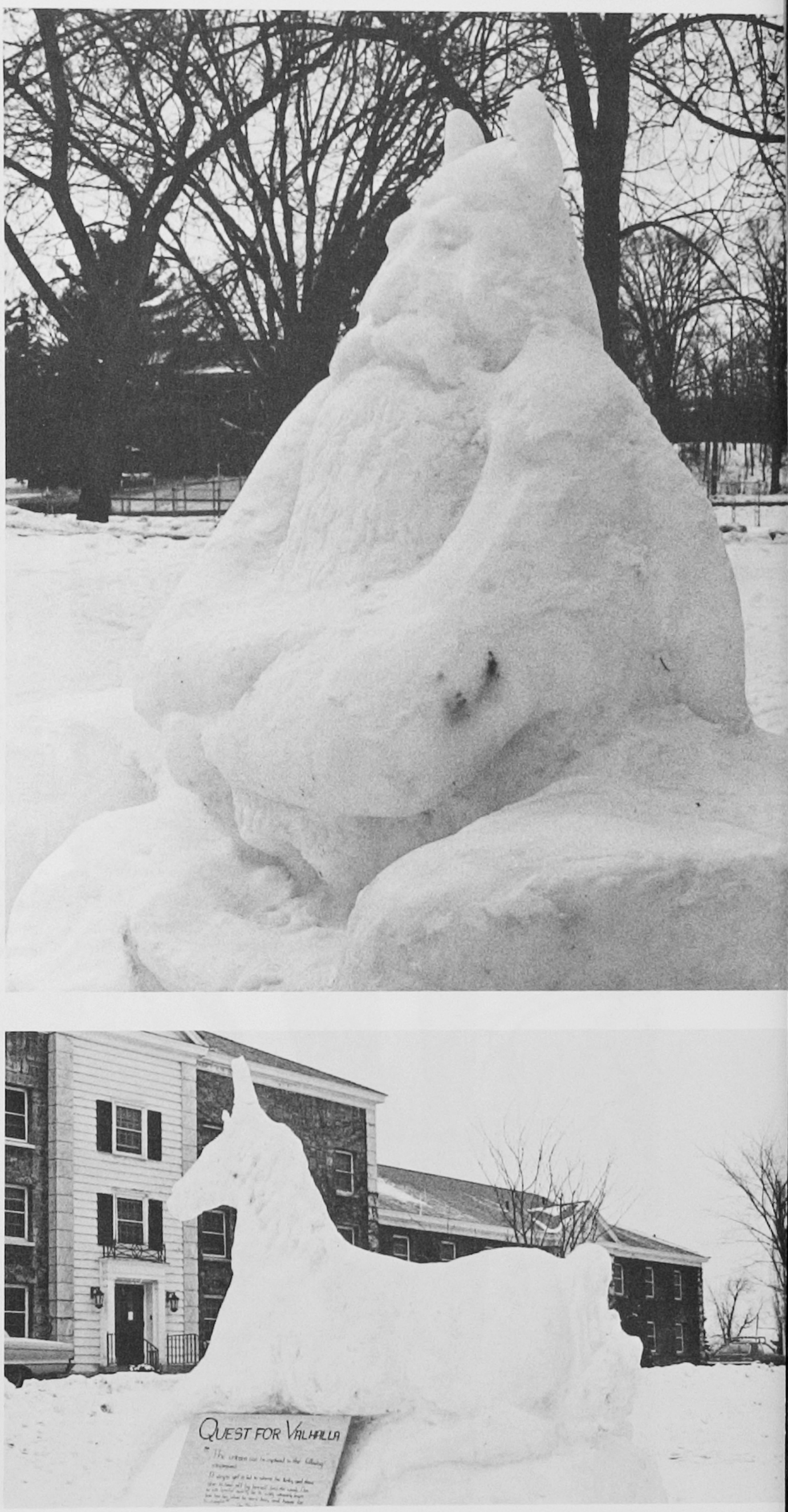
Corky Hulswit '73 started as a Religion major but her interest in elementary education led her to design her own Education major as an Independent Scholar. The bouncy PBK from Concord, Mass. is an organizer and first president of Focus on Education, a student organization that sponsors films and lectures on campus to explore educational problems and their attempted solutions. Corky wanted more courses in education combined with practice in teaching than a major in Religion would allow unless she gave up all the other courses—in history, poli sci, etc.—that she also wanted to investigate. As an Independent Scholar she is managing a heavy involvement in teaching *and* the other subjects she wants in her liberal-arts background. This

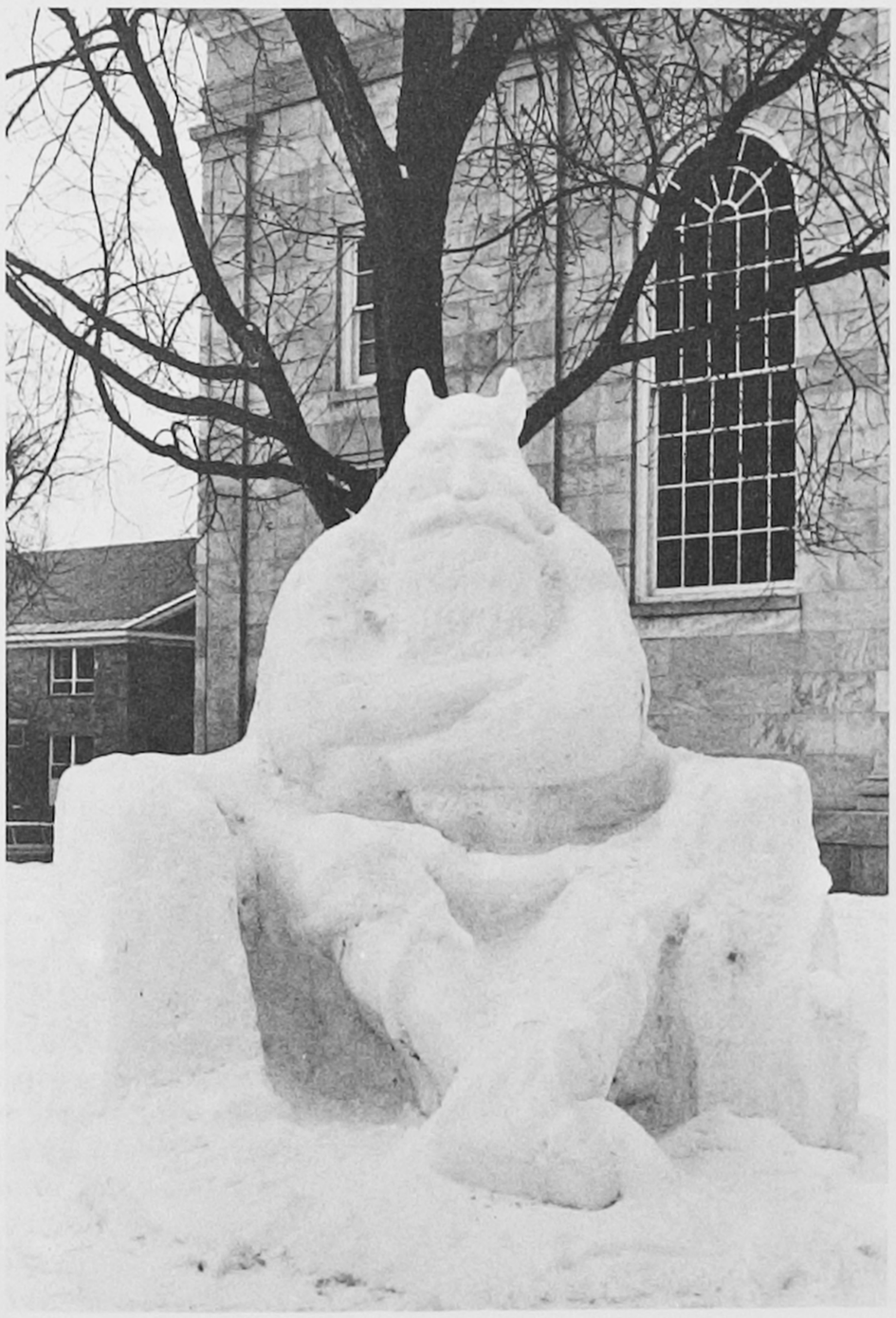
Snow Sculptures

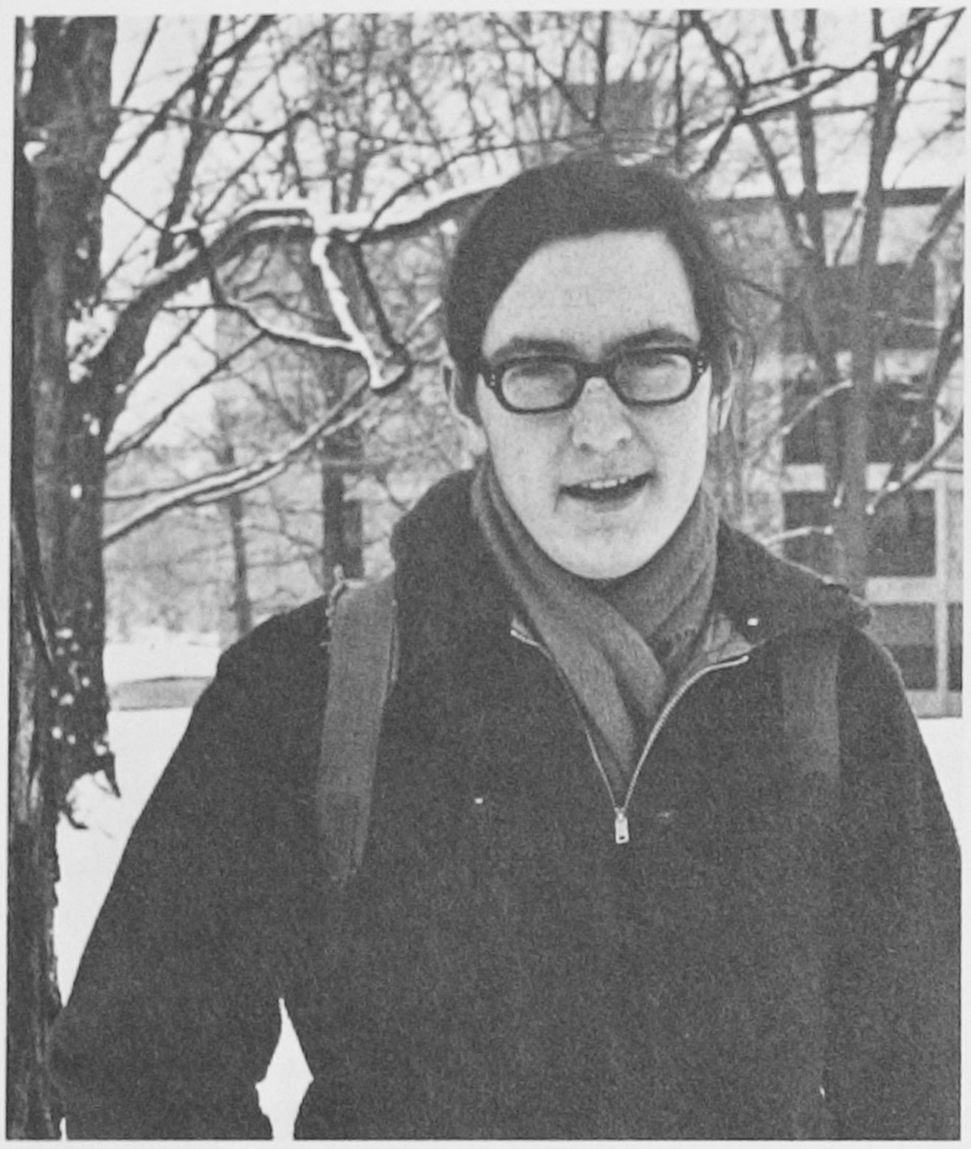
—WINTER CARNIVAL 1973

Boreal artistry around the campus this February was generally considered the most imaginative in many years. The theme for this winter's front-lawn Michelangelos was "Valhalla", the Norsemen's Disneyland. The competition was sponsored by the Snow Sculpture Committee of Winter Carnival and each sculpture was the joint creation of a group of students from one residence hall or fraternity. Seven of the impermanent art works are presented here.

The stern-visaged Odin, at right and below, fixed his reproving eye on Hepburn where his creators lived. The graceful unicorn in front of the Battells maintained his elegant air even though his horn kept disappearing whenever the sun shone.







Martha Hewitt '74

suddenly displayed a genuine talent for laying paint on canvas. So he signed up for Bruce Muirhead's painting course in the spring, worked with tremendous enthusiasm and made exceptional progress. He continued to paint at home through the summer vacation and in the fall applied for Independent Scholar status for the Winter and Spring terms to decide whether he ought to continue, here, or transfer to an art school. His faculty advisor, David Bumbeck, agreeing with Reiff and Muirhead that Brown has real talent, believes he's doing the right thing by concentrating intensively on painting, now, and then setting his future course accordingly. "I really want to paint," Brown says, in a delicious understatement since he's now painting roughly 60 hours a week. "It's amazing; the pressure I've been putting on myself has been greater than any I've ever had from teachers. It just proves that the people who say kids will slough off as soon as the pressure of grades is removed are wrong. It's just a more exciting pressure—you're pushing yourself for something you want."

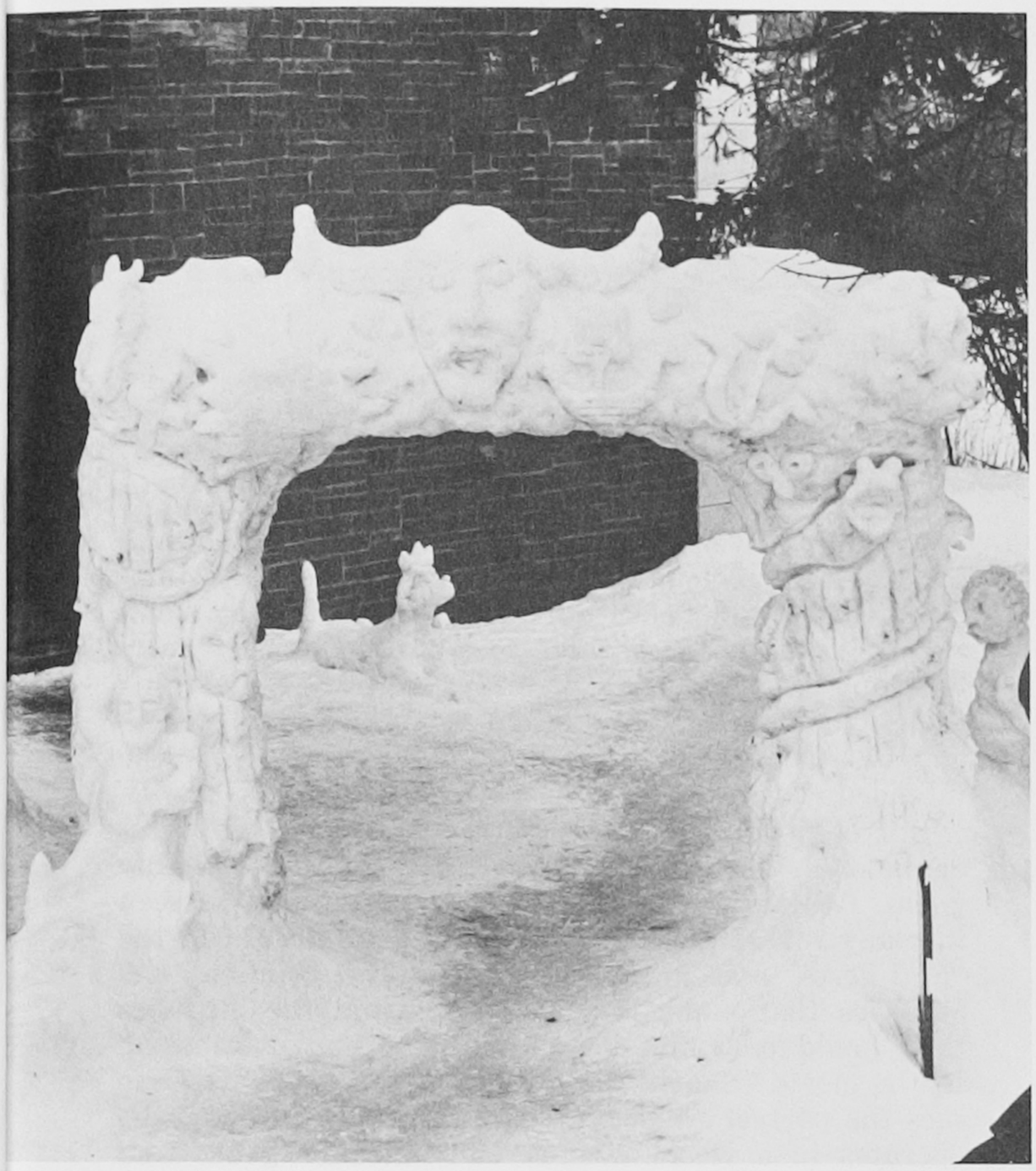
Geology-major Martha Hewitt '74 enjoys tramping the fields more than studying theory and, as an Independent Scholar, is loosening up her Geology curriculum and reshaping it to her personal interests. This spring she's doing two independent studies, one of hydrology, the other in statistics. In her Winter term, just completed, Martha served an internship in the Middlebury Ranger District which covers roughly half of the Green Mountain National Forest. During next Winter term she hopes to arrange a similar internship with the Soil Conservation Service.

"It wasn't exactly what I expected," she says, "but it's been good. I've done some fairly interesting things. The natural nesting sites for wood ducks are in hollow trees, but there aren't as many hollow trees around as there once were, so the Forest Service has put out nesting boxes. I went out and checked a lot of these to see if they'd been used and if they needed repair. I also made better maps showing their location because I had such a hard time finding them, myself.

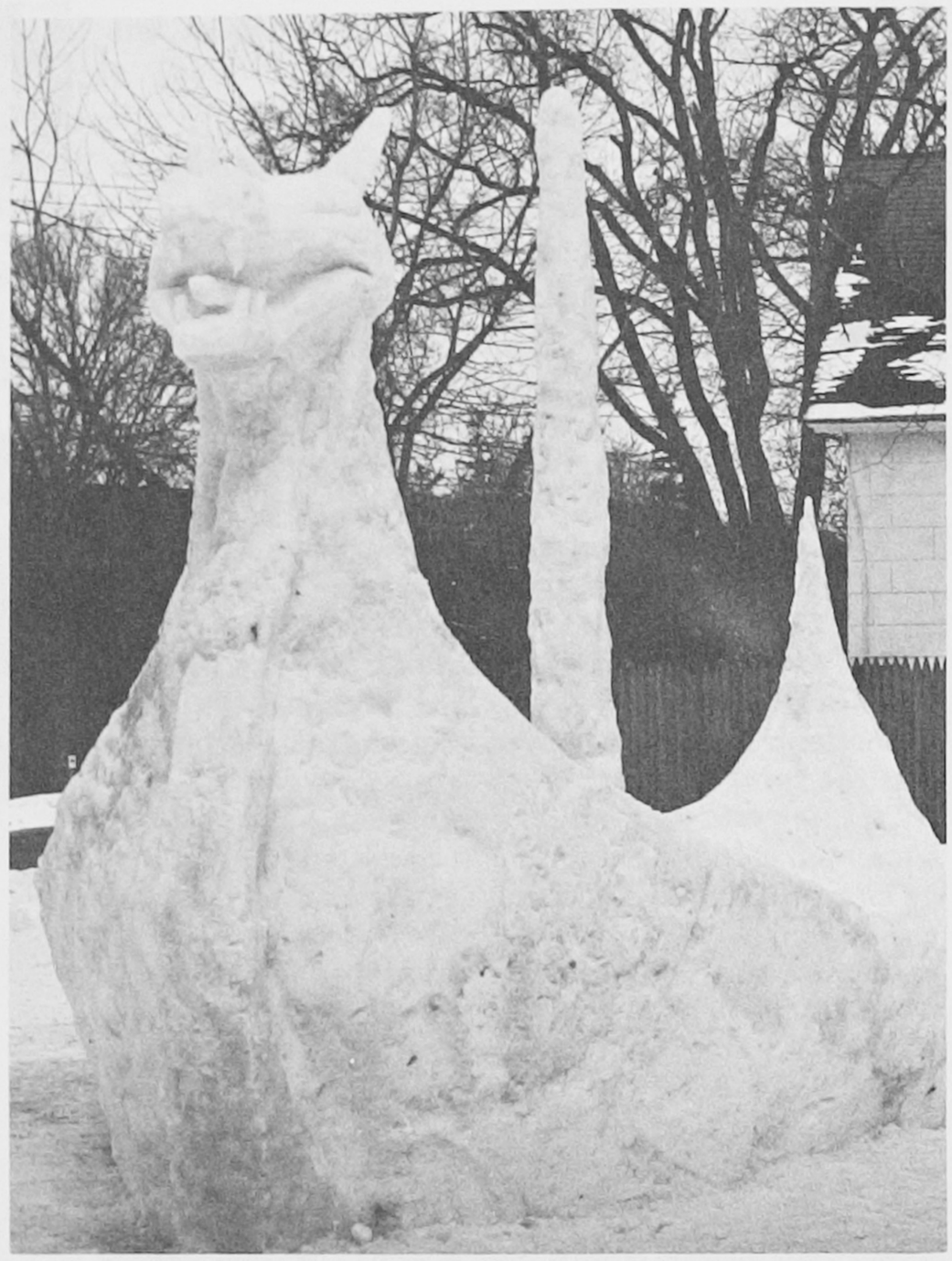
"Then, too, they've been preparing an inventory of historic sites within the National Forest so I spent quite a lot of time talking with old-timers and digging up whatever information I could about these sites. There's not anything too great about it, but I happen to enjoy it. I spent many days tramping around through the woods which was really a lot nicer than being shut up indoors. And it's a good bunch of people up there—they're interested in telling you whatever you want to know. I wanted to find out how the Forest Service was organized and how it works and in five weeks I've been able to do it.

"I guess I want to get into what I call 'blue-collar science.' I don't want to run around in a lab coat with a slide rule: I'd love to go out there and dig in the dirt—that's my idea of fun. I want to be outdoors, for one thing. And when it comes to theory, I get bogged down very quickly if I can't see what it's going to be good for, in the end. Maybe that's the trouble with growing up in Maine. I don't put down theory; I just know how I am. I can't work hard unless I know it's worth something. And right now, also, I'm on the environment bandwagon.

"The Independent Scholar program gave me the responsibility for sitting down and thinking out what I'm doing, then planning out my program quite a ways in advance. I had been kind of bumbling along and getting dragged into things I'm really not all that interested in. To ask yourself, 'What is it you really want to do?' is good. Having done that and having written up my program and submitted it, I feel more as though education is something I'm *doing*, not something I'm 'taking'." □



Allen Hall's "Gateway to Valhalla," which took 1st prize, was a fully functional fanny-slide that triple-curved between rows of mythic creatures to the far side of tennis courts. Pieces of carpet and a plastic tray were provided for the foolhardy. Voter Hall's megalithic three-toed "Troll" with its look of inchoate anguish took 3rd prize.



Tied for 2nd place were Hillcrest's "Odin" and Zeta Psi's "Viking Death Ship"; Barbara Crawford cleans fresh snow from regally casual Norse god just before the judging. "Death Ship" which sported a proudly slavering dragons head, bore a deceased Viking laid out on a catafalque, amidships.

Mammiferous "Batts Brunehilda" (opposite page), a second creation of Battell South girls, has a headlock on a mangled football hero, left, and a stiff-legged hockey player.

MIDDLEBURY BOOKS

FAMILY LETTERS OF ROBERT AND ELINOR FROST
Edited by Arnold Grade, MA '60. (Albany: State Univ. of N.Y. Press, 1972. 293 pp., 14 photographs, $9.95)

This selection of 183 letters from Robert Frost and his wife, Elinor, to their children and grandchildren spans the years from 1914 to 1963. They suggest the spirit with which Robert Frost faced the week-to-week challenges of parenthood and of making an often shaky living, as well as of teaching uppity female students in academia, and of trying to speak in a fresh voice as a poet. Their datelines, Franconia (NH), Amherst, Arlington (Vt.), Ann Arbor, South Shaftsbury (Vt.), Paris, London, Colorado, Florida, Ripton, Boston, and Cambridge suggest the spatial frame in which he moved.

Elinor's letters reveal both her whole-souled dedication to her husband ("Together wing to wing and oar to oar") and the "Jewish-mother" intensity of her love for her children.

Mr. Frost's letters show the patient good humor, the practical good sense, and always-supportive helpfulness with which he consistently kept trying to buoy up his children and grandchildren in their various times-of-trouble. The reader is impressed with Frost's oaken strength and toughness in facing a lifetime of large and small disappointments that could have broken or soured the spirit of a lesser man. (Frost wrote in his last letter "I am not hard to touch but I'd rather be taken for brave than anything else.") This volume should be essential to every serious student of the poet.

—GGH

GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE: A Regional Analysis. By Vincent Malmström, Prof. of Geography. (Prentice-Hall, 1972, 175 pp., paperback, $2.50)

Purchase of this little book before your next trip abroad should give you the most value per dollar of any two-fifty you'll spend. It's an "instant backgrounder": wherever you're headed, just dip into this fact-filled chapbook and in 10 minutes you have a useful *gestalt* on the entire region, including how it got that way. From Reyjavik to Lisbon to Athens to Helsinki, Malmström covers the peoples, cultures, resources, and climate of Europe in six major regions, giving a succinct appraisal of the personality and significance of each.

From random notes of things-we-didn't-know, we cite such tidbits as: "Russia" is named for Swedish Vikings from *Roslagen*, north of Stockholm, who settled Kiev. The Irish have the highest caloric intake of any people in the world. "Currant" comes from Corinth. Southampton is the choice of big ships because each high tide reaches it twice. A bad Danish egg in England can be readily traced to the farm where it was laid. Austria has the highest suicide rate in Europe. (Enough.)

A simple chart at the end of each chapter allows quick comparison of the several nations within that region with respect to 12 key statistics concerning population, land uses, GNP per capita, trade balances, etc. No barren statistics, but a concise, well-written book that's a pleasure to read.

—GGH

THE GARDEN, a novel by Hollis Summers, MA '43. (New York: Harper & Row, 1972, 259 pp., $6.95)

Novels, unlike many good poems or most real lives, are always "about" something. I'd never read a novel by Hollis Summers before, and I puzzled over what *The Garden* was about for fifty pages or so. By then I knew that Tom Hutton, a department-store manager from Athens, Ohio, his son Lewis and his second wife Caroline, had abandoned their pre-planned tour of Italy and, in an abuse of spontaneity, were going to spend their month abroad on Malta instead. Oh, this novel was about people who turn their backs on the incredible richness of Italy and emblematically embrace instead the relatively poverty-stricken culture of Malta in winter. Ah, I get it. These supermarket stereotypes, with their green-stamp mentality, their inability to reconcile the tension between Athens and Ohio, are going to be mercilessly satirized for their ugly Americanisms in a sort of transatlantic version of *Main Street*.

Well, not quite. It's true that Tom has a fetish about "arrangements," and his insensitivity results in some blunders which must be endured by his family as well as the indigenous population. And he takes too many unimaginative photos. And Caroline has a thing about flies, and typhoid from the tap. O.K., they're cliché tourists. But the real tension exists not between themselves and their environment, but between, and even within, themselves, alone.

But why should we care? After all, the Huttons seem to be pretty small potatoes, and we might reasonably expect a novel to provide us with a heightening of experience, not a diminution. It's the author's problem, then, to get us interested in these uninteresting people and the boring details of their lives. He does this in several ways: first, he plays off our assumptions about how people should live, think, and feel against how Tom and Caroline live, think, and feel. We sense our superiority, which modulates into tolerant condescension, because Tom and Caroline are basically "good." Condescension converts into embarassment and the fascination of repulsion as we watch them behave in painfully gauche ways with others and with themselves, ways which remind us uncomfortably of similar moments in our lives or in the lives of those we care for. But we mustn't let this muddle our response. Clearly, the author is depending on us, the superior readers, to provide an understanding beyond the capacities of his characters.

We do. And we do just in time to get repeated doses of the psychological antecedents of those characters—which suddenly complicates our judgment. And as if that weren't enough, something actually does happen on Malta. Tom's black-and-white vision of himself is

The UNDERGRADUATE CHAIR

Karl R. Anderson '74

Theft is a serious problem at Middlebury. Many of the articles stolen are small, like silverware and coffee mugs from the dining halls, but larger and more expensive items also disappear. Chief of Campus Security Fred Spencer has some eye-opening statistics: in the 1970-71 college year, the value of articles reported stolen was $13,671, of which only $700 was eventually recovered. Last year, 1971-72, there were 171 thefts reported for a value of $13,764, of which $3,151 was recovered. Spencer estimates the theft value will approach or surpass $13,000 this year, as well.

Some of the most expensive things stolen belong to the College and not to students. Spencer cites the theft of a $1500 oriental rug from the Forest Hall lounge and thefts of chairs and other furniture from the dormitory lounges and student societies, including a grandfather clock from Stewart Hall. An excuse used by students to rationalize theft of college property springs from the notion of a shadowy and almost menacing figure called simply "the College." "The College" is not a distinct individual; it is certainly not one's friend; and so a student feels less guilty when he steals college property. "For $4000 a year," we hear, "I'm entitled to a chair and a few knives and spoons."

Of course, it's a weak rationalization, and none at all for the many thefts of student property. There is usually at least one sign posted in Proctor Dining Hall which reads, "Someone borrowed my ski parka last Monday. Will that person please return it? No questions asked; all I want is my coat back." Besides coats, Fred Spencer reports that bicycles, stereo equipment, and cash are the items most often stolen. "We try to convince the incoming freshmen to lock their rooms," Spencer said, "but they won't." Cash left lying about on a student's desk is often stolen from an unlocked room, he said, and perhaps most frightening, some of the thievery occurs at night, in rooms where people are sleeping: "A girl will wake up in the morning and find her money or her purse or wallet is missing."

The College Store has its problems with shoplifters. Carl Peabody, the manager, speaking with a not-surprising disgust for shoplifters, reports that the number of cases this year, through Winter Term, was appreciably less than in the same period last year. This he attributes to the tougher stance taken by the College. "Signs announcing suspension as the penalty for shoplifting were posted in the store about a year and a half ago," Peabody said, "but the shoplifting rate was about the highest it had ever been. Lately the College has been following through on its policy—several people have been suspended, and the problem seems to be decreasing."

It may be decreasing, but it is still unmistakably a problem. If you're desperate, like the person whose ski parka has been stolen, you will ask no questions; but desperate or not, one must wonder, Why? Why do the comfortably well-off students at Middlebury steal?

Part of the reason is that stealing on this campus is easy and relatively safe: students are trusting and tend to leave their belongings unguarded. Among the jumble of coats and books outside Proctor Hall at mealtimes, it's easy for a thief to walk confidently away with any coat he desires. Even if caught in the act, his excuse that the coat was taken by mistake will generally be accepted, although not totally believed, by the intended victim.

But obviously, this doesn't really explain why students steal. That is difficult to get at and one can only guess. I think the most likely explanation can be seen in many recent motion pictures: it's what I'll call the "anti-hero" reason. In these films the criminal has qualities that make him appealing, and the qualities that should make him disgusting are simply overlooked. In the movie "Shaft," shown last week on campus, one sees the perfect "bad dude," an often brutal man who operates in a world where "bad" means "good" and where he is admired for the wrong reasons. The same may be said of "Bonnie and Clyde" and certain gunfighter Westerns, in which the character who slaughters his enemies in a gunfight evokes "oohs" and "aahs" of admiration if only he slaughters with a smile and a little pizazz.

Students sense hypocrisy and the insignificance of the individual in society, and it is easy to feel, sometimes, that to go against society is somehow heroic. To steal from "the College," that shadow of the Establishment, appears to be at least one concrete act against an ugly society, and that vague and shimmering heroic quality may even carry over when students steal from their fellow students. On the other hand, it may be simply greed.

Stealing will probably never disappear: some will always want to emulate John Shaft or Bonnie Parker. If the desire remains, can anything be done to control the problem at Middlebury? Obviously, students must snap out of their fantasy world, start locking their rooms and keeping prudent watch over their possessions. That's the first step. In time, people may perceive the ugly side of their anti-heroes. As students come to realize that stealing reveals a weakness in themselves and that personal honesty is a mark of strength, the problem will shrink. Is it too much to hope that people will grow to admire their own real, moral strengths, rather than the brutal strength of a film image? □

WINTER SPORTS

By Max Petersen

At the opening of the winter sports season, prospects for success appeared as bleak as the long Vermont winter: it seemed that the "fantastic fall of 72" might have to sustain sports fans until spring.

Turnouts for varsity basketball and hockey were surprisingly small, just 19 players for hockey and only eight upperclassmen for basketball. Skiing appeared strong again with a large squad reporting, but lacked power in the nordic events.

To meet the demands of varsity basketball, the B program was scrapped and freshmen allowed to fill out the varsity roster. B hockey drew 23 participants including several promising players.

During the first half of the season, hockey lived up to its advance billing by posting a 3-7-1 record, while basketball confounded everyone by rolling to an 8-3 mark in the same period.

Then the Panther skaters suddenly became the hottest team in Division II and earned themselves a berth in the ECAC playoffs with a 9-7-0 division record and 11-10-1 overall.

It became evident after the first carnival competition that the Panther skiers, seeking their third straight Eastern title, faced a real threat in UVM. Eventually Middlebury did drop the title to Vermont and finished fourth in the East.

The basketball squad made the most of its personnel and turned in its third straight winning season with a 15-8 mark.

B hockey, under Coach Bob Pfeiffer, lived up to advanced predictions by putting together a six-game win streak and went on to post a 9-3 record.

All in all what started out looking like a long, poor winter campaign improved with the new year, and three of the four teams wound up with winning seasons, compiling an overall record of 34-22-1.

HOCKEY

With a slow start and one of the smallest squads in years reporting, the Panthers appeared headed for an even worse record than the 7-12-2 mark posted last year. In an effort to develop some scoring power, Coach Forbes moved his top defensive player, senior Tim Silver, to center on a line with juniors Tom Stillman and Robie McCallum.

But with five sophomores the Panthers were an inexperienced squad, and by the time the team was becoming accustomed to playing together, illnesses, injuries and personal problems began reducing its effectiveness.

First-string goalie Larry Perlman missed five games because of mono; senior wing Don Curtis, was lost for the season with a broken collar bone; defenseman Dick Gordon left the team, as did Bob Hamilton late in the season; and defenseman Rick Simourd missed games as the result of a stomach disorder. These calamities

On 50-meter hill at Snow Bowl, Panthers' top jumper Hugh Barber '73 approaches touch-down in near-perfect form. Barber soared to 2nd place in the meet.

left the team in turmoil and dangerously shorthanded until Forbes was allowed under Conference rules to move up freshmen to fill the vacancies.

With the addition of a freshman-dominated line (Randy Mattson and John Leary—and Peter Prescott who joined later) play improved, and late in January Middlebury turned things around and ran off a string of seven straight, beating several of the top teams in the Division.

In their season openers north of the border the Panthers had a real battle in downing CMR 2-1 and were forced to settle for a 3-3 tie against a scrappy McDonald sextet. Then in the home opener against Salem State, Middlebury blew a 5-2 lead and suffered its first Division II loss, 6-5, in overtime.

A week later the team jumped off to a 2-0 lead against the UMass Minutemen, last year's Division champions, but a mid-period letdown cost them the game despite a host of saves by Perlman.

Middlebury bounced back from two straight losses and played its best hockey to date in the Yale Christmas tournament. The team easily disposed of American International in the opening round, 7-3. But it was tougher going in the finals against the Eli's, to whom the Panthers, after a real battle, bowed, 5-1.

After nearly three weeks of inactivity during the holidays and with the loss of Perlman in the nets, Middlebury looked on a home rematch with CMR with apprehension. But another strong offensive effort coupled with good work by reserve-goalie Bill Burke in his first game proved enough to outlast the Canadians, 7-5.

The return match with AIC at Springfield was a different story: starting slowly and unable to contain their hosts, the Panthers blew that one 6-4. Three

given some distressing coloration by an aging British Lady on the make; and Caroline meets her *alter ego* in the garden of the title, a gross, uninhibited, displaced American woman named Clara Tate, whose husband's ingenuity in bed is exceeded only by his sexual appetite and whose relationship with her dirty children is easy and casual to the point of irresponsibility.

All this is very understated, even to the near-tragedy which marks a sort of climax in the novel. There are no thrilling adventures, no adulterous liaisons, no grand denouements. But this is as it should be. Things like that don't happen to people like this, and (as the novel demonstrates) they wouldn't know what to do if they did.

To make a virtue out of the exploration of such unlikely material makes this book worth a read, as the English say. Instead of exhausting yourself with the intensity of intimate consciousness, you exhaust yourself trying to compensate for consciousnesses which are barely awake, repressing themselves, duping themselves, struggling for basic expression. The message is frighteningly clear: the price one pays for the inability or unwillingness to develop consciousness, to educate feelings, to risk the self with candor in intimate contact, is not merely the cultivation of a boorish and cyclopean smugness. In Tom's case the price is an enduring loneliness and an almost unendurable (if muted) moment of self-revelation, and in Caroline's case a form of restrained but rapidly progressing insanity. Hollis Summers asks our sympathy for these characters, and we give it uneasily. There but for the grace of novelists go we.

DAVID PRICE
Assistant Professor of English
Middlebury College

Letters

Gentlemen:

I would like to reply to the three letters of criticism of my comments on Mr. Wicker's commencement speech.

Contrary to what Miss Lee said, I did not "preclude politics, economics, religion and aesthetics as topics for commencement speakers." I objected to the interjection from the platform of a controversial partisan political pronouncement, with no allowance for any rebuttal.

Mr. Corsen believes that the best defense of Mr. Wicker's militant socialism is to impugn my academic credentials and denigrate my "experience" of life. My 28 years of university teaching include five books on legal, moral and political subjects, over forty articles, and twelve years as editor of a journal on eighteenth century British politics, history and literature.

As to practical politics, I served as a city councilman for six years; on a charter commission which drafted a new city charter; and on the Michigan constitutional revision commission; I took an active part in over 900 meetings on all kinds of public problems. What then does Mr. Corsen mean in referring to my "more restricted world view," which he claims disqualifies me from appreciating "the scholarship and cogency of Tom Wicker's Commencement Address"? What scholarship? What cogency? Evidently Mr. Corsen finds scholarship and style where I perceive only gaping holes and journalistic propaganda.

Mr. Sewell's criticism assumes that a satisfactory alternative to "the innocuous commencement address" of past years is Mr. Wicker's partisan political polemic. But "a national personality who is not afraid to speak out on public issues" is in itself hardly an adequate criterion for choosing a college commencement speaker. On that standard Adolph Hitler would have qualified as a speaker. He was utterly without fear in speaking out; he too presented "controversial" ideological partisan solutions to complex social problems.

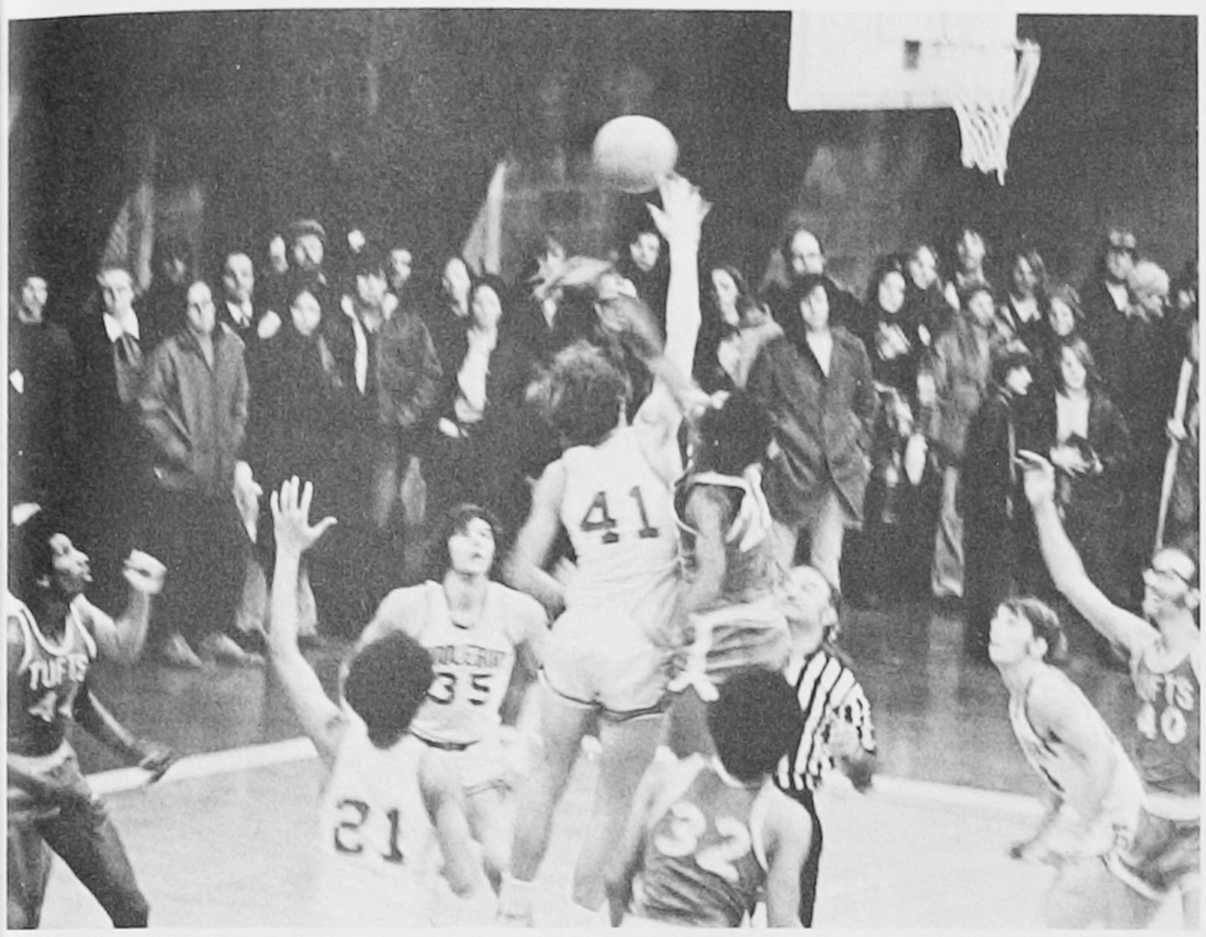
Surely some consideration should be given to competence in the intellectual, moral and aesthetic virtues, the proverbially "true, good and beautiful" which are supposed to be the hallmark of a liberally educated person? Or do these qualities count as nothing when weighed in the balance against a passionate social consciousness? Mr. Wicker presented an activist tirade, predicting the collapse of the United States unless the problems of distributive justice are soon solved by his doctrinaire formula of reconstructing our parliamentary system of government, by class warfare in politics, by wholesale confiscatory inheritance taxes, and other such extreme measures, in order to place all Americans in a near equality of condition. Every American, poor or rich, who really loves individual freedom under constitutional law will resist any such attempt to establish a society fit for slaves.

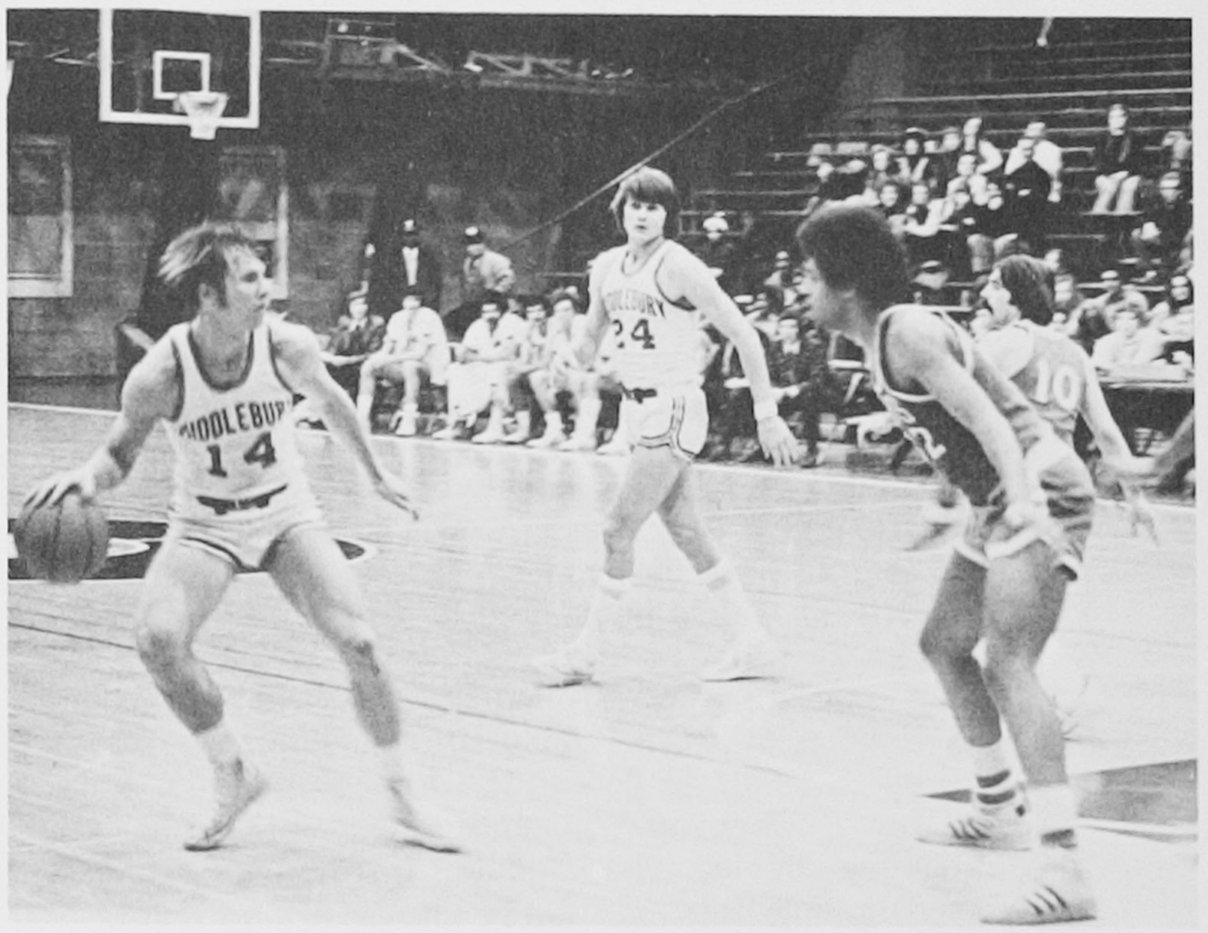
Mr. Wicker's speech was unscholarly; it was presented not out of historical experience, nor with scholarly attention to empirical facts, nor with due regard to elementary rules of logic and exposition, but rather through crude techniques of "overkill," slanting by omission, meaningless abstractions, ambiguous uses of unverified statistics, subjective ideological speculation, and many other flaws.

There is a "more noble goal for higher education" than Mr. Wicker's advice to pursue "generosity for the weak and justice for the disadvantaged," namely, to bring students to their highest capacity of perfection in the intellectual, moral, aesthetic and social virtues, so that they can perceive the sophistry of such writers as Tom Wicker, who play lip service to liberty while offering disguised collectivist slavery in place of personal freedom. The weak and disadvantaged will be better served in becoming strong and self-sufficient in a free society, than in one which reduces each citizen to being a ward of the state.

None of the three letters criticizing me even mentioned my objection to the political arm bands worn by some students and faculty, nor to the partisan political pronouncement read from the platform. In contrast, all of the dozen letters I received from those who attended the commencement agreed with me that these actions were wholly inappropriate, and that my comments concerning Mr. Wicker's speech were justified.

PETER J. STANLIS '42
Rockford College
Rockford, Illinois





At left, co-captain Bob Elliot (41) controls a jump ball against Tufts as Greg Harvey (21), Dave Nelson (35), and Dave Pentkowski await the tip. At right, Pentkowski, Panthers' sophomore playmaker, works ball into Tufts zone and co-captain Rich Hayes (24) watches. Loss to Tufts made season record 9-7; in remaining 7 games, Panthers would lose only to St. Michael's.

BASKETBALL

Coach Lawson again guided the Middlebury courtmen to a successful 15-8 season, to tie last year's record-setting performance.

The coach appears to have a knack of getting the most out of what he has to work with, but at the start of the season it didn't look like he would have much. Russ Chapel, a 6-6 center who scored 136 points and was top rebounder, and Al Turner, a fine guard who scored 309 points the previous season, did not return to school and another regular, Bob Schneider, had graduated.

By scrapping the B program, Lawson came up with enough players for a team, composed of five freshmen, two sophomores and five upperclassmen, but the squad lacked both experience and height. By working them hard to mature them rapidly, he developed a team that depended on good ball handling, a disciplined, patient offense, and strong defense to pull it through the tight ones. He started with sophomore playmaker Dave Pentkowski and freshman Kevin Cummings at guard, 6-7 sophomore Dave Davidson at center, and senior Rick Hayes and junior Jack Kirsch at the forward slots.

Kevin Cummings, from St. Peters Prep of Jersey City, averaged about 14 points per game and supplied the scoring that made the difference in several close games. Pentkowski and Davidson contributed an average of 9 to 10 points per game and the latter led under the boards with 8 rebounds per game.

With Lawson stressing defense all season, the Panthers held the opposition to an average of 67 points per game—a good thing since they only managed to score an average of 69, themselves! For the year, Middlebury totalled only 29 points more than their opponents, but posted an outstanding record by remaining cool under fire and winning the close ones.

For the second straight year Middlebury opened the season with an upset of the strong Union squad of former Panther coach Gary Walters. This time they won at Union by a 59-53 count behind the shooting of Hayes and Cummings. On the road, some of the team ran into the flu bug and the rest into the cold-shooting virus as they dropped the second game to Vermont, 73-59, at Burlington.

They then gave their home rooters something to cheer by posting a solid 93-81 win over Lowell Tech in the best offensive performance of the season. Leading the way was Cummings who connected for 25.

In the opening round of the Bentley College holiday tournament Middlebury disposed of a good Colby team 75-73 to gain the finals against their hosts, considered one of the top small-college teams in the East. Starting slowly, the Panthers picked up momentum with Dave Davidson's 26 points but fell short at the final buzzer by a score of 77-65.

Back home, where Middlebury won 8 of 10 contests, the team picked up a pair of wins in less than 24 hours. Cummings tossed in 17 points in the 89-60 rout of Hamilton, and Pentkowski and freshman Dave Nelson contributed 16 apiece to the 79-62 decision over Bowdoin.

Unable to contain a pair of hot-shooting Cardinals at Middletown, the Panthers next took an 81-63 pasting from a pretty good Wesleyan club.

Left, from top: Fred Erdman '75 tries to work puck through Salem State defense as No. 15, Garth Parker '74 looks for pass. First score against Bowdoin finds Randy Mattson '76 airborne and John Leary (12) not unhappy. Stalwart goalie Larry Perlman deflects Colby shot as Jim Hurd (2), Rick Simourd (7) and Tim Silver (8) move back to clear the puck.

nights later at St. Lawrence, Middlebury put up a good battle and goalie Burke played well for two periods, before the roof fell in: the strong Larries broke open a tight 3-0 contest with five goals to win easily, 8-1. Later that same week, at Burlington, Vermont outskated, out-played, and outscored the Panthers, 7-0.

Following a 10-6 win over a scrappy Alumni squad, the team dropped a 5-3 decision to Norwich at Northfield despite the return of Perlman to the nets.

At this point the team began playing better hockey. The Panthers battled to down Amherst 6-4, and played an even better game against the visiting Ephmen of Williams, who had knocked off some good opponents. Perlman and Williams goalie Bill Jacobs allowed just one goal apiece until the final 15 seconds, when sophomore Fred Erdman scored on a break away to give Middlebury a hard-fought 2-1 win. Middlebury next edged St. Anselm's, 4-3, in another see-saw battle of goal tenders before a vocal, home-ice, capacity crowd.

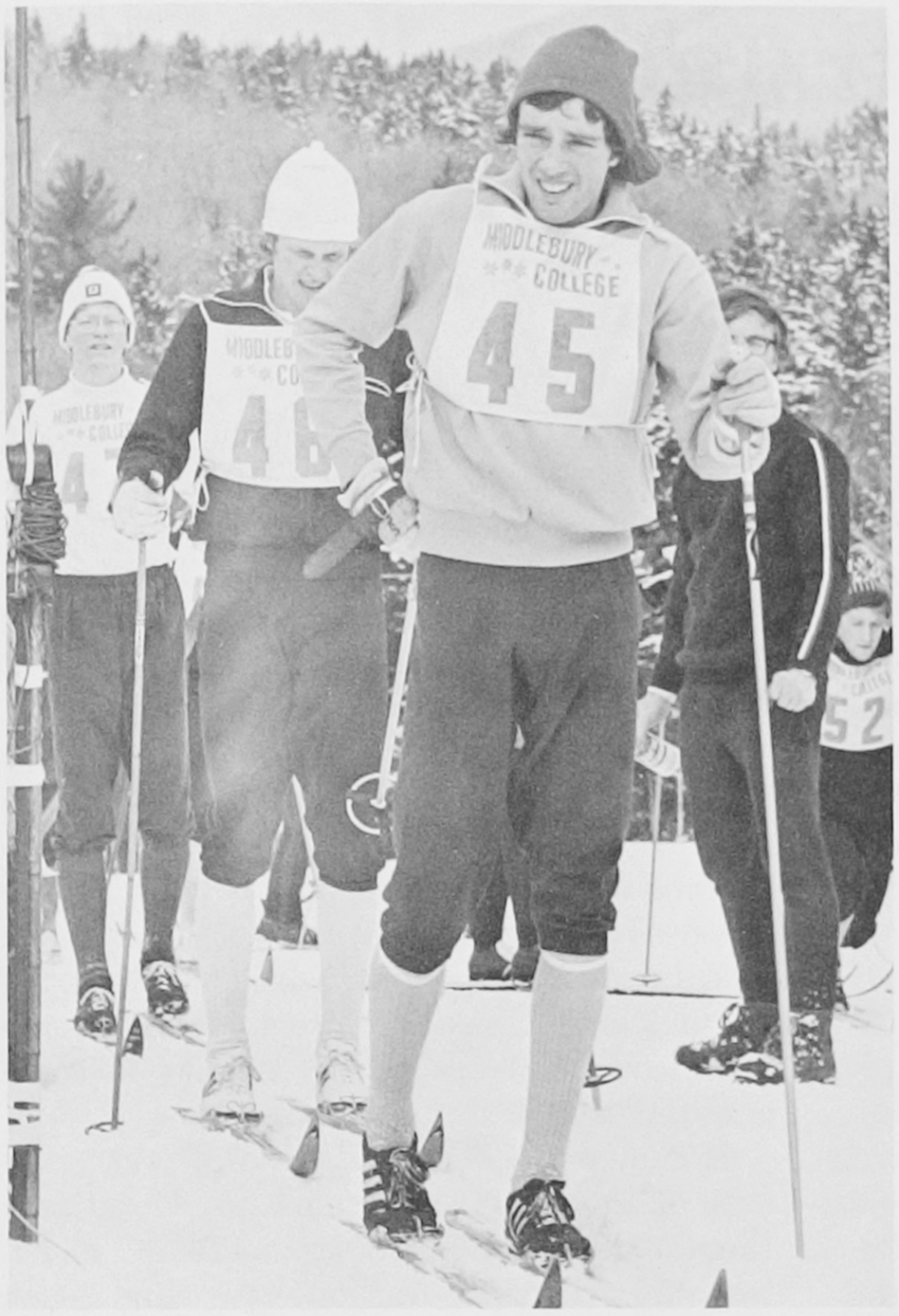
At Boston Garden, the Panthers exploded for seven big goals to blast Boston State 7-4. Although senior center Mike Kelley broke a bone in his hand during this game, three nights later he was back in action at the Field House to help his aroused teammates bury Colby 5-1. The following night the team completed its sweep of the visiting Maine schools by outslugging a tough Bowdoin squad 5-3, with Perlman brilliant in the nets.

When a change in scheduling moved the Hamilton game to Middlebury, the Panthers blanked the Continentals, 4-0, for their seventh straight win.

At Williamstown the Panthers lost a rematch to the Ephmen, 3-2, in overtime.

In a return game at Memorial Field House with the undefeated UVM squad, the Cats completely outhustled the Panthers. Except for an outstanding 52 saves by goalie Perlman, the score would have been much worse than 6-0.

In the final home game of the season, the Panthers hosted Norwich during Winter Carnival. The Cadets jumped off to an early 2-0 lead and held on until well into the third period when Middlebury tied it and went on to win 3-2 in overtime on a goal by Barry Jones. With a tournament berth assured, the Panthers traveled to Troy to meet Division-I power RPI in a tune-up for the playoffs. The Panthers made a fairly close game of it for a period and a half but were finally blasted 10-3. Perlman, although sidelined by illness for five games, was named to the weekly ECAC Division II all-star team three times and finished the regular season as one of the top goalies in the division with a fine 3.11 goals-allowed-per-game average. His individual performance was perhaps most responsible for the team's respectable 11-11-1 record overall, and 9-8-0 Division II mark.



Awaiting the signal to shove off in the 15 km cross-country race at Bread Loaf are Gary Johnson (45) who finished 3rd, Denny Meiners, West Point (46), and Peter Cornish, Norwich (47). Below, senior Peter Kailey from Bethel, Maine slices through a gate on his second slalom run at Winter Carnival. Not in contention in the slalom, Peter did turn in the 5th-best Panther time in the downhill.

the afternoon, as Johnson skied to a fourth-place finish, Ward sixth, and Lantz, tenth. After the first day Middlebury held a slim 0.9 lead over Vermont. Next day, the Panthers' slalom unit captured team honors with Fisher second, Vandergrift seventh, and Kailey tenth and in the jumping a second by Barber and an eighth by Lantz, combined with a strong showing by Northern Michigan University, kept all but one Vermont jumper out of the top 10 and gave Middlebury the Williams meet by a 4-point margin.

As the Middlebury Carnival approached, the Panthers knew they were in for a real battle to win their third straight EISA crown. In the opening downhill event, Cardamone raced to a surprising third, while Ord took eighth, and Vandergrift ninth, but Vermont did enough better to win the event by just over half a point.

Vermont and Dartmouth dominated the afternoon cross-country competition and finished in that order, with New Hampshire third and Middlebury a distant fourth. Johnson, who finished third, was the only Panther among the top 10.

Down by 3½ points going into the slalom, the Panthers' Vandergrift took a solid second, Fisher sixth, and Ord thirteenth, but still lost the event to St. Lawrence by .04 of a point in the closest competition of the meet. But Middlebury gained more than 8 points on 9th-place Vermont when two UVM racers fell and the other three posted poor times. The strong Panther showing in downhill and slalom gave them a 2.39 point lead over Dartmouth and a 4½ point lead over fourth-place Vermont after three events.

The showdown on the 50-meter hill was postponed until Sunday morning after high winds caught Kongsli, Saturday afternoon, and upended him. With gusts persisting early Sunday morning, it was nearly noon before the practice jumps could begin.

Middlebury's hopes for the title were dashed on the frozen surface of the jump's outrun early in the practice round, when Lantz, the team's second-best jumper, lost his balance in flight and came down heavily on his side. Stunned and bruised, he was carried to the first-aid center where he sat out the jump. Although it appears unlikely that the Panthers could have caught the high flying Cats, Lantz's absence cost them a certain second-place finish in the Easterns.

Vermont won the meeting going away with a score of 382.94—more than 9 points ahead of runnerup New Hampshire, which was surprisingly strong.

The Middlebury women skiers, under Coach Bonnie Bower, ended another successful season by taking their fifth straight Middlebury Carnival title with a balanced performance in the three-event competition. In a real battle, the Panther girls finally downed Vermont by more than 5 points in the eight-team competition.

Steffie Cole paced Middlebury in the alpine events with a third-place tie in the slalom and a third in the giant slalom. Debbie Martin also skied well, taking 15th in the slalom and 5th in the GS. Leading Middlebury's strong cross-country squad to a second-place finish behind Dartmouth were Katie Tobey second, Chris Tower third, and Ellie Davis ninth. □

In a two-game home stand, Middlebury disposed of a highly respected Amherst five, 66-59, and edged Trinity, 78-72. The Panthers ran their win streak to three by posting a 61-55 decision at Bates. However, the following day, with two-thirds of the starting line-up benched, the team absorbed an 80-54 drubbing at Colby.

After handling Norwich easily 80-59, at Northfield, Middlebury tangled with its toughest opposition of the season as it lost 81-70 at St. Lawrence, was buried 80-56 at Williams, and dropped an 82-67 decision at home to a talented Tufts five despite a strong performance.

Middlebury halted the three-game losing streak with a solid 76-60 win at home over Clarkson. Two days later the Panthers enjoyed a successful road trip by sinking Coast Guard 55-46 and downing MIT 70-56.

Bent on an upset of highly rated St. Michael's, Middlebury started fast and rolled to a 32-27 halftime lead at Burlington. But the Purple Knights came on strong in the second half to defeat the Panthers 80-62. Back home for a Carnival-Weekend game with Norwich, Middlebury buried the Cadets 79-57, as Davidson pumped in 21 points.

The fired-up Panthers next avenged an early-season loss to Vermont by blasting the Catamounts 76-63 at the Field House. Cummings paced Middlebury with 22 points and Davidson contained UMV's big man, Peredy, while scoring 15 points. Middlebury capped its season with a 70-59 victory over RPI, a team strong enough to go into the NCAA regional playoffs.

In the ECAC tournament selections Colby, despite a 14-8 record, edged out Middlebury.

SKIING

At the start of the season Coach John Bower reported that his Panther skiers lacked depth in the nordic events and would be hard-pressed to defend their Eastern title at the Snow Bowl. His assessment proved entirely accurate. Middlebury's fourth place was her lowest finish in several years in the Eastern's.

The long-standing domination of Eastern skiing by Dartmouth and Middlebury was ended by the emergence of the University of Vermont which, with six Norwegians on their team, boasted formidable cross-country and jumping corps.

At press time Vermont, New Hampshire, Dartmouth, and Middlebury were the Eastern entries in the NCAA Skiing Championships being hosted this year by Middlebury at the Snow Bowl. Defending champion Colorado was the pre-meet favorite; Middlebury would be hard-pressed to duplicate its fourth-place finish of a year ago.

Despite the loss of last year's freshman standout, Jamie Knowlton, who left school for the year to try for a berth on the National Team, the Panthers fielded a strong alpine squad. It included Jim Vandergrift, the 1972 USEASA giant slalom and combined champ; Peter Kailey, a steady skier who consistently finishes near the top; veteran Cully Erdman; sophomore Peter Ord, and freshman standouts Tom Fisher, Jim Cardamone, and Tim Owen.

Top returning performers on the nordic side were jumping ace Hugh Barber, last year's Eastern winner; jumper Dave Lantz, a member of the National Nordic Combined Training Squad who also runs cross-country; and cross-country star Gary Johnson. In addition sophomore Kurt Kling and freshman Craig Ward, both nordic-combined skiers, were counted on to fill out the squad.

This year the four-cornered Carnival circuit became pentagonal as Vermont decided to sponsor its own winter carnival. At Vermont the Panther's young cross-country team did better than the veteran slalom squad in the first day of competition: Johnson won the 15-kilometer event, Kling was third and freshmen George Kitson and Craig Ward finished fourth and sixth to give Middlebury a team victory in cross-country with a score of 99. Although only Erdman and Owen managed to place in the top 10 of the slalom, the team still moved to a 5-point lead over host Vermont at the halfway point.

In the giant slalom on Saturday, both Erdman and Owen were disqualified for missing a gate, costing the Panthers valuable points going into the jump which was to be Vermont's strongest event all year.

Norwegian ace Petter Kongsli (who out-jumped the Norwich University hill where the event had been moved when UVM's facility was declared unsafe) led three other countrymen on the Catamount squad to win the jump, and Vermont took the meet title by a whopping 17 points over the second-place Panthers.

A determined Middlebury team entered the Dartmouth Carnival bent on improving the alpine squad's performance as a means of countering the Cats' strong nordic squads. Middlebury did well in the opening slalom event, but still finished second, a point back of the Big Green. Top finishers were Kailey in fourth, Fisher, ninth, and Vandergrift, twelfth.

Vermont's cross-country team swept that event with a first, third, and fourth, to put them nearly 4½ points ahead of Middlebury. The Panther's top finisher was Johnson in eighth followed by Ward, ninth, and Lantz, tenth.

The halfway mark in the meet found Dartmouth in the lead with a total of 197.8 points, Vermont second at 196.8, and Middlebury third, 192.4. On the following day the Panthers strong showing in the giant slalom narrowed the gap as Fisher took third, Vandergrift was fifth, and freshman Rod March, tenth. But despite a strong second by Barber, Vermont jumpers led by Kongsli won the Dartmouth Carnival title by 8 points over Dartmouth and 12 over the Panthers.

The following week the rapidly improving Panthers put it all together at Williams to win their first and only carnival title this season, and their first at Williams since 1965.

With Kongsli jumping in an international meet in Wisconsin, Middlebury figured it had a good shot at the Williams title and responded with outstanding performances in alpine events and a good showing in cross-country.

Led by Vandergrift's third, Ord's fourth, and Fisher's seventh, Middlebury took team honors in the giant slalom. The cross-country squad carried on in

FOOTNOTES ON AN UNDEFEATED SEASON

Asked in late November why this season's football team had been so successful, Coach John Anderson commented, "Last year's freshman-sophomore team was this year's sophomore-junior team (23 sophomores, 15 juniors, 7 seniors), so more than 20 of our players had played together for at least two seasons already. They were experienced, more mature, and more poised; when they were behind, they had the ability to come back."

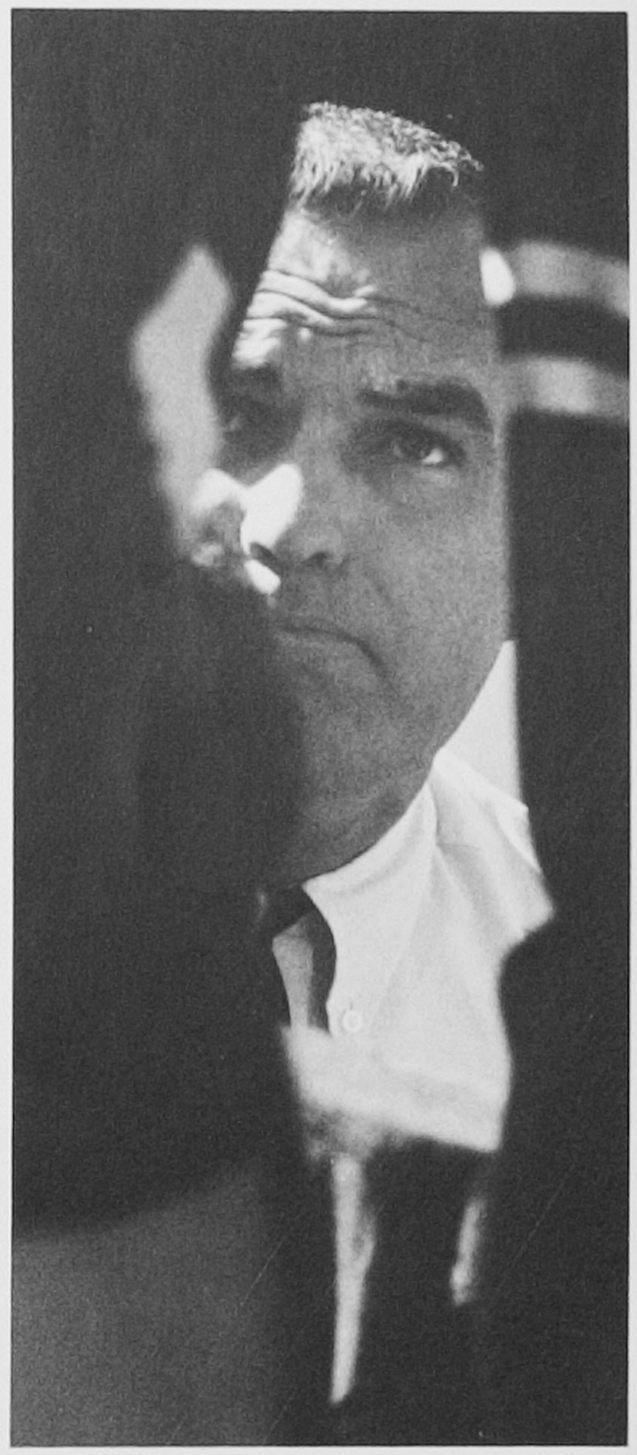
Asked about the role of the much-discussed wishbone offense in our success, Anderson seemed to feel it didn't hurt but wasn't really a major factor. "We just didn't use it much, except against Williams, mainly because of weather; seven out of our eight games were played in mud and to make the wishbone offense go, you need a dry field and a dry ball. So although we were ready with the wishbone right from the start, we really didn't use it all that often. It was no secret that we would run it—we practiced it against Amherst in our pre-season scrimmage and the Williams scouts knew we had it. But we were winning handily against Bates with our regular offense; the following week it didn't seem too smart to run it against Wesleyan (the only other Little Eleven team that used the wishbone—so their defense had seen it a lot), and the WPI game was played on a soggy field. So Williams was our first chance to run it in season play, and even though the field was again wet, Cramphin did a masterful job of it—he read the defenses beautifully and we gained 402 yards at Williamstown."

"This year's freshman team is the best since I've been here and our inquiries from high school players are way up from last year, as the word gets around that Middlebury has a winning football program. So we ought to get better. Which doesn't mean," he added, "that we'll have another undefeated season next year; it's too easy for a team to be 'down' on a given weekend —just not as ready to play as their opponent—so nothing is certain. But we ought to have the talent."

If half of a coach's job is developing the skills and knowledge of his athletes, the prior half is attracting athletes to the team who have above-average potential. One non-secret of Anderson's success has been his energetic and intelligent recruiting of superior football players.

"Recruiting" has come to have an offensive aroma in academic nostrils from its perversion by the semi-pro conferences of Big-time College Football. But in the relatively pure environs of Little Eleven competition (NESCAC), where the principal inducements to matriculation are such non-negotiables as the scenery, the girls, and even the professors, recruiting comes down to showing the prospect what you have to offer (for example, a chance to play instead of warming the bench), and seeing if he's interested. Although Middlebury's athletic-program budget allows only "postage stamp" funds for recruiting, throughout each January and February, Anderson has devoted his Saturdays and Sundays to talking individually with 25 or 30 prospective students in his office. And behind these conversations were file drawers full of correspondence with coaches, students, and parents.

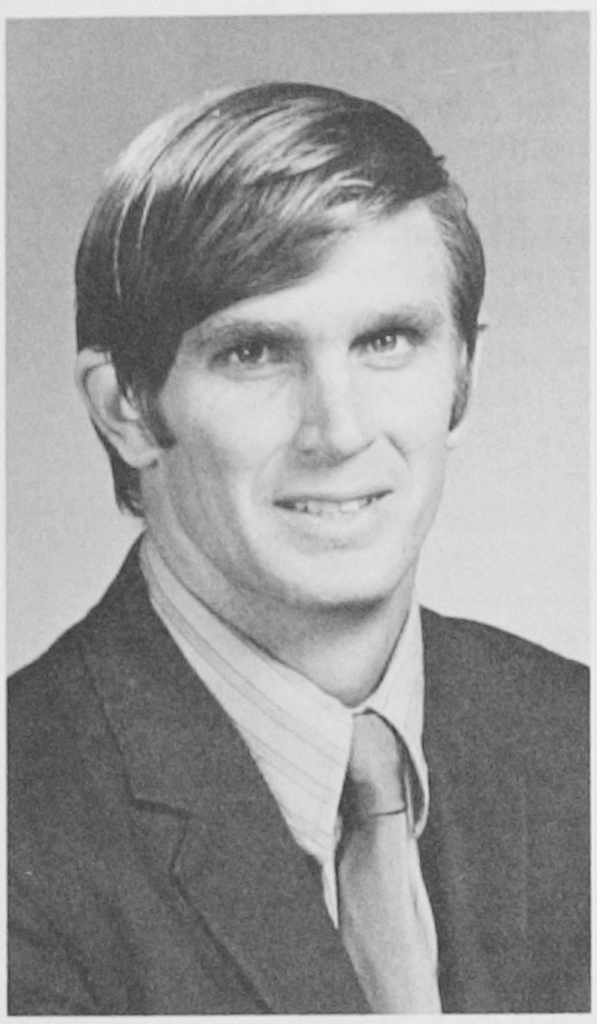
To show that the term in current favor, "scholar-athlete," is no empty cliché at Middlebury, Anderson points to last fall's undefeated varsity squad of 45, of which 24 students were on the Dean's List, including 4 or 5 who were "straight A" and one who's a College Scholar.



John Anderson

Heinecken, from Delaware, To Coach Panther Gridders

—John Anderson Goes to Brown



Coach Heinecken

Head football coach John Anderson, whose teams' won-lost records in his four years at Middlebury have been 2-6, 5-3, 6-2, and 8-0, was selected in December to be head football coach at Brown. Because Brown in recent years has become the doormat of the Ivy League, Anderson faces, there, another economy-sized challenge, but, as their alumni magazine headlined, "he has already performed magic once" and John's many friends at Middlebury will be rooting for the Bears to win for him.

The College's search committee promptly began reviewing the more than 60 applications for Anderson's job, and in February President Armstrong announced the appointment, as head football coach, of Michael G. Heinecken, defensive backfield coach at the University of Delaware. "Because Mickey comes to us from one of the finest small-college football traditions in the country," Athletic Director Dick Colman commented, "we have confidence that his career at Middlebury will be happy and productive."

Mickey Heinecken has served for 10 years as freshman coach, offensive and defensive line coach, and then defensive backfield coach at Delaware, where winning football teams have become a tradition. Since 1966, when he became defensive backfield coach under head coach Raymond, the "Fighting Blue Hens" have rolled up 53 wins against 19 losses, won two National Small College championships, four NCAA Eastern Regional titles, five Lambert Cups, and four Middle Atlantic Conference championships.

Delaware's athletic director calls Heinecken "one of a select few coaches in the country, today, who approaches the game as a truly educational experience and has the ability to communicate this to his students. He's learned the many facets of his profession from several outstanding people and, having coached all aspects of the game, should make an excellent head coach."

A native of Philadelphia, Heinecken participated in football, baseball, basketball, and swimming at Central High. At Delaware, where he received a BS in physical education and a Master's in guidance and counseling, Mickey played varsity football for three years, varsity lacrosse for two years, and varsity baseball for one year.

In 1960, he received a Little All-America honorable mention in football, was picked for the All-East and All-Mid-Atlantic Conference teams, and captained the Delaware eleven. He began coaching football in 1961 as a graduate assistant, while working for his master's degree. He also served as freshman basketball coach and varsity lacrosse coach, there.

Mickey was a distinguished military graduate of the ROTC program and served as a Lieutenant in the Army from 1963-65 at Ft. Benning where he was offensive line coach of the Ft. Benning "Doughboys" in 1963 and the following year coached the defensive line when they were the U.S. Service champions.

Coach Heinecken believes that football "should be made available to the student as part of his total education" and that "the quest for excellence on the athletic field is, indeed, an extremely valuable educational experience." He added that he was elated by the opportunity to coach at Middlebury "where I believe the philosophy of athletics is compatible with my own," and noted that it presents "a real challenge to continue the winning program John Anderson started."

He inherits an undefeated, untied veteran squad which finished third last fall in the Lambert Cup race behind Delaware and Bridgeport. However, seven starters on that squad will graduate in June. In the off-season Heinecken will coach varsity tennis.

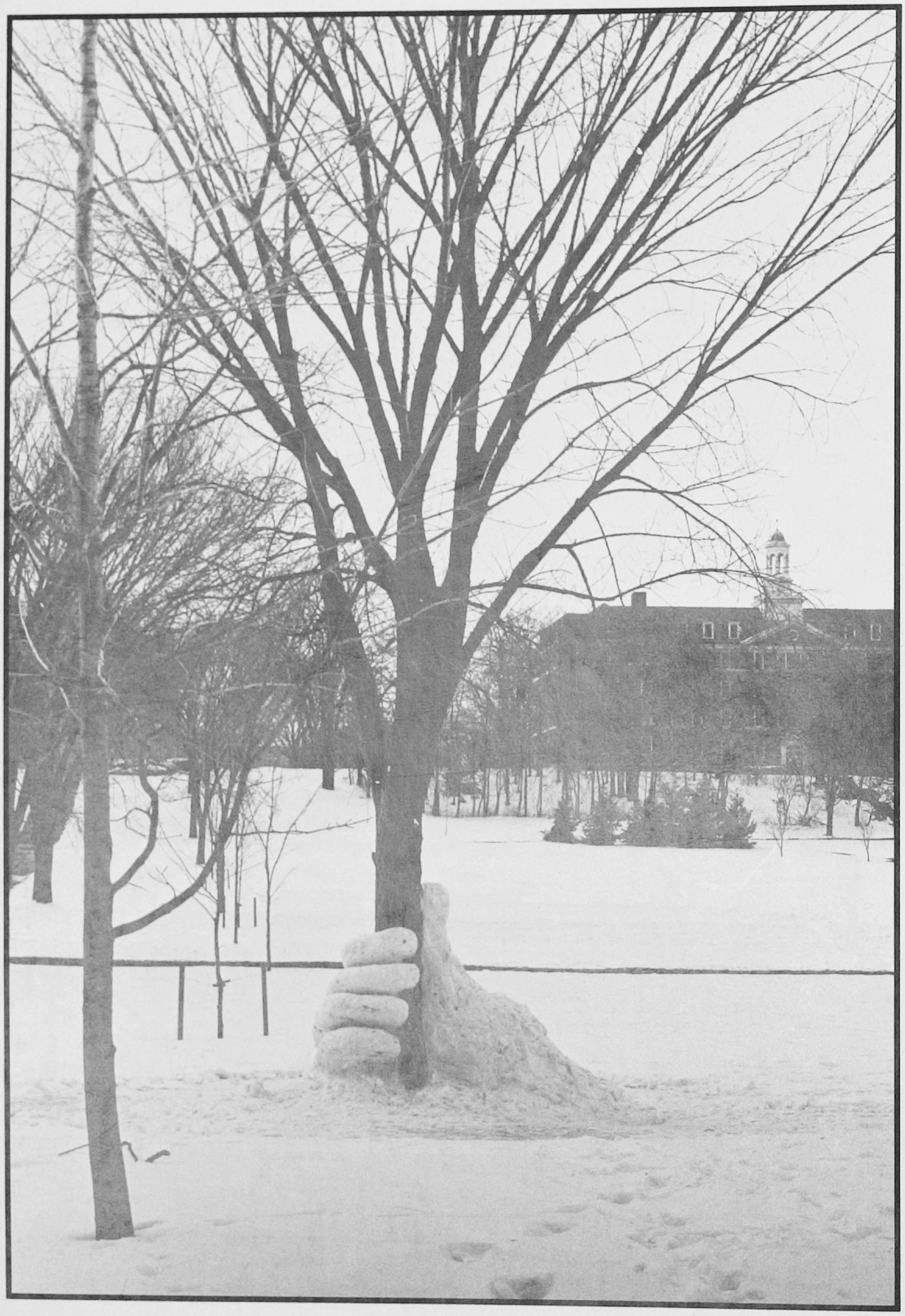
Mickey's wife, Carol, also holds bachelor's and master's degrees from Delaware. They have a son, 6, and two daughters, ages 4 and 1½. His hobbies? "Skiing, sailing, tennis, paddleball, squash, carpentry, and home remodeling." □

Middlebury

COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

Middlebury, Vermont 05753

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



Not a formal entry in the snow-sculpture competition (see page 37), this hand holding a young elm like a vesper candle was an impromptu offering by several students to the festive atmosphere of Carnival weekend.